

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

OCTOBER 18, 1982

\$1.25

Glenn Gould
1932-1982





Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

OCTOBER 18, 1983 VOL. 15 NO. 42

COVER

Glenn Gould, 1932-1982

When Glenn Gould—pianist, composer, conductor, author, broadcaster—died last week, the world lost one of its greatest musicians and one of its most intriguing personalities. His recordings, his TV and radio documentaries and his multitude of articles remain to remind future generations of the high price of his existence. —Page 28

COVER PHOTO BY JOHN BARTLEY/PHOTO ONE INC.



Lougheed's last hurrah?

The major political question among Albertans: after Premier Peter Lougheed called a Nov. 2 election was just how big his fourth majority would be. —Page 26



Warming an icy trend

After 50 years of hostile relations, the two guests of the Communist world, China and the Soviet Union, are considering steps to improve their relations. —Page 32



Sharply focused on stardom

Super-model, photographer and now actress Christine Brinkley may be peering up for an even brighter future with one of the top agents in show business. —Page 32

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Triumph at the top

In the wake of four deaths and the departure of its climbers, the first Canadian Everest team promoted but wreck, putting two chambers on the roof of the world. —Page 35

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Weekend's October 18, 1992

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Buick Century.
Only a handful of cars integrates luxury and
a refined touch of sportiness this beautifully.
Has anyone done it this affordably?



Buick Century Limited
4-door Sedan

BUICK

Putting sophisticated elegance and sporty performance together in the same car is not a new idea. A few of the world's great auto models have done it successfully. Power have done it really, because fully Power still have done it affordably.

The 1993 Buick Century, we suggest, is one car at a North American price that has put it all together in admirable fashion.

Mid-size Century is the shape of the future with the lowest drag coefficient of all 1993 Buicks. Century's engineering is a state of the art with front-wheel drive, independent front suspension, and an aerodynamic front-engine standard in Century Custom Coupe and Sedan and in Century Limited Coupe and Sedan. A 3.0 liter gasoline V6 and a 4.3 liter diesel V6 are available.



Buick Century Limited 2-door Coupe

Now for 1993, Century Type offers the enhanced seating, sleek charcoal and black-accented sporter with genuine Grain Tracing suspension, individually adjustable front seats, even a leather control sport steering wheel.

Century Custom and Century Limited give you a choice of cloth or vinyl upholstery and five new colors, standard And Century Limited offers new genuine leather seating as well.

Self-steering, disc, firm ride and handling suspension, and automatic level control are available. If you're wondering where in the world you're going to find the perfect combination of luxury and sportiness, you need look no further.

Today's the day, buying or leasing, to see your Buick dealer.

BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Some of this equipment shown or mentioned is available at extra cost.

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LETTERS

Defending Israel

Your Oct. 4 cover story, *Israel on Trial*, made Israel out to be a criminal for a crime it did not commit. The massacres were by Arabs against Arabs. Yet where else but in Israel would the citizens of a country be outraged by an attack against its citizens? The Israeli demonstrations that followed these heinous events indicate a sense of morality and humanity. It is almost ludicrous to think of Arabs being outraged if ever Israeli killed Israeli—an unthinkable possibility.

—SERILA & LEO WENDEL
Toronto

Religion is the real reason for the massacres Sabes and Shattil's massacres. That it was heinous that Palestinian Muslims should be brutally massacred by Lebanese Christians with the best approval of Israeli Jews. Before we can hope to deconstruct the Holy Land, we must first deconstruct it of sacred concepts, divine rights and holy crusades.

—OLD FASH
Toronto

Here is yet another article on the terrible massacre in Beirut that would put the full responsibility of the Palestinian deaths on the Israelis. It was the Lebanese who committed the atrocity, not the Jews.

—A.C. WOOD
Burlington, Ont.

Reserving judgment

Regarding your Canada story *The Drama Group and the Sisters* (Sept. 27) I do not think Sally Barnes should con-



Saves and Shattil's Arab against Arab?

sider that there was "almost universal" criticism of her appointment to the Ontario Status of Women Council. I keep up with the news pretty well and I only saw three or four women quoted as being negative, and none of these could be said to represent vast numbers of other women. For my part, I do not know Sally Barnes and will wait and judge her by her work.

—HELENE MILLON
Ottawa

A conspiracy of silence?

Please accept my appreciation for the news stories and features on South Africa that appear in your magazine (*A Theological Slave* 76, *Apartheid*, Religion, Sept. 13). There is such a dearth of information in other news media that I sometimes wonder if there is not a conspiracy of silence.

—DAVID KELLY
Aurora, Ont.

The "Dump Koeb" campaign

Regarding your Oct. 4 World article "Guns" *Shogren* a dilemma, which describes New York City Mayor Ed Koch's defeat in the state's race for governor while you site important factors that contributed to Mario Cuomo's commission in the primary, there is no mention of N.Y.C.'s well-organized, three-year-old "Dump Koeb as Mayor" coalition movement involving hundreds of thousands of people. It is true that labor is backing Koch (it is the first time in 40 years that labor has backed anyone). And it is also true that Cuomo had held back (during the campaign, anyway) to traditional Democratic programs. But what is most important is that New York's past and working people are saying that it is time to dump a politician who does not represent their interests. That is the real victory of Cuomo's nomination.

—BARBARA JANTZ
Toronto

PASSAGES

DEED: Glenn Gould, 50, world-renowned classical pianist, after a stroke, in Toronto (page 28).

SENTENCE: Michael Fagan, 32, violator to Queen Elizabeth II's bedchamber, in indefinite confinement in a Liverpool mental hospital. Fagan was earlier cleared on a charge of having stolen half a bottle of wine from Buckingham Palace. But last week Judge James Miln Kin found him guilty of car theft.

DEED: William Hornebach, 71, the founder and former chairman of the Doyle Dane Bernbach advertising agency, of leukemia, in a New York hospital. Credited with changing the face of U.S. advertising in the 1960s, Hornebach used low-key, often innovative humor to replace the old hard-sell style. He was the creator of the "We Try Harder Because We're Number 2" slogan for Avis Rent-A-Car and the highly regarded Volkswagen Beetle "Think Small" campaign.

DEED: Vivien Merchant, 53, the English stage and film actress who achieved fame in the 1960s playing the leads in former husband Harold Pinter's plays of alcoholism, at her London home. Merchant married the now famous playwright in 1956 when they were both acting with small stock companies. They were divorced some much publicly two years ago, and Pinter survived the biographer *Lady Antonia Fraser*.

DEED: Anne Freed, 81, psychoanalyst, teacher, author and last surviving child of Sigismund Freud, at her home in London. After emigrating with her siblings, father from Vienna in 1938, she became director of the world-famous Tavistock Child Therapy Clinic and Clinic.

DEED: Fernando Llerenas, 67, exiling Argentine-born actor and film director, of cancer, in a Los Angeles hospital. Llerenas, a naturalized U.S. citizen, played a wide range of roles, from matinee (The Merry Widow) through westerns (*100 Rifles*) to TV cop shows (*Sleazy* and *Hunter*).

DEED: Lord Noel Baker, 96, winner of the 1960 Nobel Peace Prize, at his London home. The Quaker son of a wealthy Canadian-born industrialist, J. Allen Baker, the former Philip Noel-Baker devoted his life to the cause of pacifism, especially nuclear disarmament. A member of Parliament for almost 40 years, he was also a noted orator in his youth and captained the 1946 British Olympic track team that inspired the *Audrey's Award*-winning 1961 movie *Chariots of Fire*.

Buick Skyhawk.
Its elegance is to be expected.
Its sportiness has to be experienced.



Buick Skyhawk Limited 4-door Coupe



Catch any 1983 Skyhawk standing still long enough and you'll see how perfectly a surplus of Buick elegance fits in a smaller package. That unmistakable Buick distinction to detail meets its respect sports car like no beautifully is Skyhawk's contemporary, graceful lines meet the eye.

An inside look at Skyhawk Limited's reclining bucket seats, for instance, reveals the same class factor as you'll find in the scripturally-appointed interior.

Another luxury touch for 1983 is Skyhawk's refined new sports note. You'll find it in all Skyhawks this year. In Skyhawk Custom Coupes and Sedans and in Skyhawk Limited Coupes and Sedans. But where



Buick Skyhawk Limited 4-door Sedan

you'll find it especially evident in Skyhawk Trivac, new for 1983. From the word go, Trivac's special Sport suspension and electronically fuel injected, 1.8 liter turbocharged four-cylinder engine with its five-speed transmission, combined with Skyhawk's front-wheel drive and rack and pinion steering, spell out performance.

Skyhawk Sedan Wagons, also new for 1983, feature an impressive cargo capacity of 71.7 cubic feet. If you'd like to see what Skyhawk offers in the way of elegance and performance, remember, there really is no substitute for experience. Arrange a test-drive soon.

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THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE CUTLERY IS ALSO THE BEST

PHOTO BY MICHAEL GOODMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



J. A. HENCKELS
ZWILLINGWERK

SHARP KNIVES, STAINLESS CUTLERY
CUTLERY, KNIVES, KNIFE SETS
AND ACCESSORIES

Wheelchair games ignored

During the week of Aug. 31 to 39, Half-far hosted the Pan-American Wheelchair Games, involving Canada, the United States and 15 other countries. The Canadian contingent, while not the overall winners, won more silverware than any Canadian athletes team has ever won. Does this feat entitle the athletes to a page and a few pictures in your magazine? Certainly not. Rather, some assignment books are unnecessarily displayed, periodically because of the illustrious presence of the provincial premiers (The Premier Test Probed: *Winnipeg, Canada, Sept. 6*). I hope your inevitable article on the Games (when they lose the provincial race) elaps your process.

—LARRY WILLIAM
Dartmouth, N.S.

Bankers: the main movers

Banker Grant Robson's *Politeness, Please, Don't Shoot the Messenger* (Sept. 12) is a typical example of what garbage these arrogant, self-appointed, so-called experts dare to feed the general public. The historical fact is that bankers through the ages were not only part of the events but, in many cases, the main movers (the Medici in Italy, the Fuggers in Germany, the Rothschilds in Prussia, Vienna, Paris and London). And that hasn't changed one bit. While the banks pocketed over-inflated profits for loans that did not do as well as predicted, we lost our jobs in over-increasing numbers. Thanks to a world tax, messenger boy.

—BO MAXWELL
Calgary

Dividing the francophones

While the anglophones in Quebec rejoice over the long-awaited judgment of Chief Justice John Dubeau (Book to School in Book: *Toussaint, Canada, Sept. 28*), francophones under the tutelage of four different school boards in Ontario are undergoing the divide-and-rule tactics of their local leaders, who are relating recommendations to establish French-language centres in the existing mixed high schools. The time has come for francophones living outside of Quebec to start the guttural of the new Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

—DAVID CONNOR
Trois-Rivières, Que.

Fines printing: time-honored

With reference to page Justice article in the Sept. 13 issue, The Charter Goes to Court Judge Martin Charles overruled Sec. 1 of Part 1 of the Constitution. It states: "The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms guarantees the rights and freedoms set out in it subject only to such reasonable limits pre-

scribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a free and democratic society." How can shackling the taking of fingerprints be considered "demonstrably justified"? Fingerprint identification has been a time-honored method for centuries.

—D. J. ALGER
Montreal, Ont.

Fat for fat loss

In *Fat for the Pochelet*, under the heading of *Medicine* in your Sept. 12 issue, Dr. Lloyd Carlson, chief of plastic surgery at Scarborough General Hospital, lends his support and confidence to operations of preventive and cosmetic surgery for obesity. Dr. Robin Daniel, chief of plastic surgery at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, is non-supportive of such procedures because of his observation that the patient has little to gain while undergoing a significant risk. How can you classify such operations under *Medicine*? They are only exercises of vanity for which, at \$1,500 a shot, the doctor gets a fat fee in exchange for a little fat loss.

—JACK W. FLAKE
Kilometre, B.C.

Risking the scorn of a few

Pope John Paul II has set a precedent. People around the world, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, know the Pope to be a gentle yet courageous man. So, people risk it that a man who would sit down with Yasser Arafat, the leader of a group of fanatics that claims responsibility for killing schoolchildren and hijacking airplanes (The *Memoire* in Lebanon, World, Sept. 22). But there are not ordinary times. John Paul is worried enough about this world and human life and dignity that he is willing to risk the scorn of a few so that many more might be spared the anguish of war in the future. As Bernard Bernini put it in his poem *Change the World, the World is*: "Wouldn't the righteous man sit down with anyone that might prevail?" The killing has to stop somewhere. The dragging of children away from their tops of destruction and to the hanging table must start somewhere, or Jesus.

—JOHN MILLER
Ottawa

Inconsistency in wage restraints

Just as the Bio-and-Five "isolation" is being clamped on those selfish trade unions (A 60's Overcoming of *The World's Traveler*, Canada, Sept. 28), the truly needy members of Canadian society (such as faculty here at St. Francis Xavier University in Allan MacEachern's sleeping grounds) are treated to a rise of between 18 and 18 per cent. Does voting Liberal mean never having to admit you are a hypocrite?

—ANTHONY P. MCCORD
Amherst, N.S.

Buick Skylark.
Economy car.

Never have appearances deceived you so beautifully.



Buick Skylark Limited
4-door Sedan

B U I C K

Don't let its sophisticated good looks fool you, because that understated beauty exterior has a beautifully economical four-cylinder engine. Standard.

Two smooth V6s are available in 1983 Skylark Custom Coupe and Sedan and in Skylark Limited Coupe and Sedan. The special high output V6 will instantly reveal itself for what it really is—a highly responsive, race-powered engine—every time you touch the accelerator.

Disguising Skylark's reason for virtues has been very much an inside job, again for 1983. A rich new cloth trim is standard in Skylark Custom and plush meshback seats in Skylark Custom and Skylark Limited accommodate



an immediate and lasting impression of Buick luxury restrained only by Skylark affordability. New for 1983, and keeping up speedier appearances than ever before, Buick's striking two-tone Skylark Trim offers an extraordinary performance, ride and braking package. Its own version of Grand Touring suspension combines with Skylark's front wheel drive and rack-and-pinion steering for unmistakably quicker, tighter handling. The high-output V6 powers Trim's exclusive brand of finesse on the road.

Now that it's all out in the open, is it any wonder Skylark is our best selling Buick? Today's the day, buying or leasing, to see your Buick dealer.

B U I C K

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Some of the equipment shown or mentioned is available at extra cost.

940-00

High-tech medicine

The explosion of high-tech medicine (*The New Medicine's Gross Aids*, Cover, Sept. 4) has indeed produced challenges for us all. Whimsical treatment programs, costs of advanced technology and, most important, major ethical dilemmas created by the latter are all part of the physician's turf. The article did not stress enough, however, the other side of the health-care equation, namely patient responsibility. Reluctant to a degree to practice disease prophylaxis, patients are not being

dragged unwillingly into gastric freezing or necessary bypass procedures. They are demanding access to the latest chemotherapy, CT scanner or whatever and they want it now if not sooner.

—R.F. HUMPHREYS MD F.R.C.S.,
Hospitals for Sick Children,
Toronto

As a parent who has had a premature infant who is now a healthy, thriving three-year-old, I can only say that I certainly am thankful for the technology that was and is available to save premature infants. The parents in our group,

the London Parents Prenatal Association, feel that our children have a right to be alive, handicapped or not, and we fully support the efforts of physicians and staff in neonatal intensive care units across Canada.

—JOAN ROSS,
London, Ont.

No doubt your article pointed up some real danger in outrageous medical costs and hopeless prolongation of life, but I found the overall tone to be needlessly provocative and pessimistic. In mid-May of this year members on my chest sounded the alarm when my heart stopped, and after a three-hour resuscitation and angioplasty operation, I underwent and appreciated the need for attached tubes, night lights and constant surveillance. I am deeply and forever grateful to my surgeon, to the necessary care staff and to the brand-new technology that made it all possible.

—GARY F. GOLDBERG,
Wetmore, B.C.

Thank you for your excellent, enlightening article. It affirmed my own beliefs: it is time we all took stock of how much responsibility we take for our own lives. Prevention is easier, better and cheaper.

—BOBBY SAGE,
Sooke, B.C.

Your report seems biased against the newer developments in medical technology. And politicians, either at the federal or provincial level, shall certainly be glad to notice that sense brought them; has given them reasons to cut back even further the already underfunded medical facilities across the country. I suggest government findings could be diverted from family allowances to public education in preventive medicine. The money saved on beer, cigarettes and pork food should offset the loss of income, and the health of Canadians would improve at the same time.

—FREDERICK DOCKERTY MD,
Cardiologist,
Vancouver, Que.

Sex for its own sake

Do we have to read articles on sex for the sake of sex (*A Zone in Dispute*, The Star, Sept. 30)? So what if some twerp writes a book about some raw erotic spot. Why do you have to lower your standards to print a review on the twerp and their book? I might say the same for the *People* piece in the Sept. 15 issue about Susan Margrave, who gets her kicks out of sexual failure (other people's, that is).

—A.C. WOOD,
Burlington, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Most correspondence is sent to the Editor, *Macdonald's*, magazine, c/o Trans-Canada Inc., Toronto, Ont. M6P 1A7.

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Living under the shadow of the nickel giant

By Ian Austen

It is not the image most people have of Sudbury: countless bottles of Cognac, champagne and French liquor served up to 500 holders of 1100-watt theatre tickets. But the grand opening of the city's \$5.2-million theatre centre last month was not without a certain irony. When the curtain rose officially for the first time, it revealed a mob of 50 local children looking on, using their meagre allotment of workhouse grub. When the final curtain fell on the musical version of Oliver Twist, and the gabbling speeches from the theatre's founders and politicians drew to an end, the governor, harassed, tilted and far-draped leaders of Sudbury society squeezed back into the city's bar. In the festive buzz of the party, the partisan-pants-cheered Morley Spigel, owner of a local construction company, as he murmured a wobbly table and toasted the centre. But when he addressed the people in Sudbury, "who are not as happy as we tonight," his words were largely lost in the din of tanking glass and chatter.

For Jim and Sharon Dixon, however, feeding children is much more than a theme for a tune in a Broadway musical. In his modest house near a small industrial estate, Jim ran his hands over the table he built to accommodate

his seven children and talked—with a hint of embarrassment—about how he has had to rely on help from neighbors to feed his family since Jim shut down in May. While his children posed in the front door—some curled up in a nest of cushions—Jim recalled that life was particularly tight here this summer before his weekly net benefits of \$210 started. "A neighbor said that for a while we were surviving on macaroni and tomato juice," the bookman for the nickel giant's private railway said softly. "I guess she must be off."

Sudbury has gone through more than its share of hard times, though a visitor would not know it just from driving into town. In the suburbs the highways are lined with the usual worn shops, plazas, burger joints and shopping malls. The steel skeletons of a dying sugar-shaped science centre scheduled to open next year sit outside the city's centre. At least five new chrome-and-glass office complexes near above the traffic-clogged downtown.

Despite the glaze of growth and a population of 156,000, Sudbury remains a ward of Inco. The most dramatic reminder of the city's dependency is during strikes. In the fall of 1978, the steelworkers walked out, and the sulphurous fumes from the company's smokestacks were gone until the following summer. That strike took a heavy toll: Families



The Big Nickel is a town thing on a high note.

were split up as men left town in search of jobs, and merchants reeled from the \$25-million wage loss.

But a recession is much quieter and, for many, even more frightening than a strike, at least. Like the strike makes itself known, as it did last June when 1000 workers walked out. Arson was suspected, though never proven, when the Copper Cliff Curling Club, located in the shadow of Inco's giant smelter, was burned to the ground. Angry workers made the smelter and mine sites targets for petty vandalism. By the end of the month the strike was settled with few gains, but the 10,000 workers were all laid off. So the jobless workers—they made up a third of the city's work force—became almost invisible. Even the financial aspects of a recession are more indirect, \$210 a week may not be

Melvin (left), Walker, the Dixons, Jim's neighbor said that for a while we were surviving on macaroni and tomato juice!



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For Men Only
For Women Only
For Men Only
For Women Only

Pinkston Blended
For Men Only
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Southern Coffee
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For Women Only

Crème de Orange
For Men Only
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For Women Only

Dutchlicious!

HENKES

The pastahasta fit.



Representation of microwave ovens with turntables. A good idea but they restrict your choice of baking dishes. Even popular 9 x 13" dishes won't fit.

When turntables were introduced to microwave ovens a few years ago, they were hailed as the solution to a problem inherent in microwaves - uneven cooking.

And to be honest, the turntable helps solve some of the problem. By turning the food around as it cooks, the turntable avoids the spots the waves miss as they enter the oven.

But the turntable creates a few problems too.

It cuts useable space in the oven - almost 40 percent in some models. And it restricts the size and shape of baking dishes you can use.

Cleaning becomes a big deal too. You have

to clean both sides of the circular glass tray, the metal turntable under the tray, plus the bottom of the oven.

And if the glass tray happens to break while you're cleaning it, you shouldn't use your microwave until you get a new one. And they're not cheap.

Enter the new Dual Wave Microwave system - a breakthrough in microwave cooking that brings waves into the oven from the top, like most microwave ovens, and then brings more waves into the oven from the bottom.

Which no one else does.

Seems like a small change, but it achieves



The new Dual Wave Microwave System. A better idea. A technological breakthrough as wave distribution plus a full 1.4 cubic foot of cooking space.

an evenness of cooking we've never had before.

And it gives you a full 1.4 cubic feet of cooking space that will take virtually any size, any shape baking dish you have.

Cleaning the Dual Wave is as simple as cleaning the table, because the bottom is totally sealed. And there's no glass tray or turntable

to worry about breaking.

The other thing you should know about the Dual Wave is that it's available on both General Electric and Hotpoint brands.

Look for the Dual Wave when you decide to get a microwave oven. It's the new wave in microwave cooking.

Available on both

GENERAL



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much support for a family, but it is better than \$60 a week in strike pay.

For now, the Irishmen sit at tables in the new Supermarket, where the overwhelming concern is the uncertain pay. No matter how long the previous strikes lasted, everyone knew that at some point they would end. This time, no one knows. Says Irish worker Mike Walker: "It's a twist living on hope."

But hope is rare in the modest downtown home of Walker's friend and co-worker, Richard Mobbs. Instead, the 35-year-old 55-year-old smelter worker is seething with frustration. It is a frustration that shows in the way he repeatedly pounds a fist lighter on the Formica cabinet while recounting events since the layoff. After the 1978 "30-shut-downs" Mobbs returned to face from a job that he had taken in southern Ontario. "They put their arms around my shoulder and said, 'Twenty-two years old, married, family started, you're just the person we want. We want people who will put down roots.' But then the smelter turned sour in August. Already an temporary layoff, Mobbs, Walker and 1,000 other heavy workers were told that their jobs were gone. Designate came January. That has made a bad situation even worse. Mobbs talks about the time his 10-year-old daughter and four-year-old son came to him "all bright and smiling" about an invitation they had received to a birthday party. He had to tell them they could not go, because there was no money to buy gifts. "That's tough, that's really tough," Mobbs sighs.

For a while, at least, there is not much the families can do. Get another job in Sudbury? The few non-mining firms are not hiring or are cutting back. Leave the city? Unlike the days of the major layoffs, in 1977, there are no housing A-bombs options.

Despite facing his job, Mobbs says he is staying: "I rolled over in '78. I'm not doing this again. I'm staying and fighting this thing to the bitter end." It is a daunting challenge, but there are others who share the sentiment. Last August, in the dingy corridors of the Rosewellers Hall, Walker, Mobbs and another laid-off smelter worker, Harvey Desrogers, formed a committee. Working from a tiny smoke-filled room in the hall, they set out to gather all the laid-off workers together and turn them into what Desrogers calls "a union to be reckoned with." Committees and tension aside, the arguments are playing against a stacked deck. Their lack of funds has made it difficult even to distribute a questionnaire. "We had a fellow come in here two weeks ago, nearly in tears, to tell us he didn't have enough money that day to feed his family," Mobbs recalls. "That gave me a big lump right here in my chest. But we didn't

have anything to give him."

While it might seem strange to outsiders, who often assume life in Sudbury is the best thing in a shift in prison, many of the laid-off workers maintain a striking loyalty to their city. The negative impression held by many out-of-town usually dates back to the city's greatest public relations nightmare. During the early days of the space race, television screens around the world were filled with pictures of moon-bound U.S. astronauts training on the barren rock terrain and atop heaps of Sudbury's worst end. But the wasteland is only a portion of the region. Sudbury is not so much a smelter city as a core area ringed by about 20 smaller communities. In between those to the north and east lie dense forest and numerous lakes. In some parts of the city, residents sometimes look out of their broken windows to see bears and moose. Cottages—camps, as they are known in the Ontario north—now often within commuting distance.

But the pride many residents feel for their city is frequently countered by a low-living bitterness at seeing an otherwise arid. Says Richard Pharsand, co-leader of a prosperous law firm and a director of the city's United Way fund: "I hate that company. I wish it would go bankrupt." Pharsand's hatred stems from the "smelter" that he says has tainted French-Canadian such as his father, a miner for 34 years. In the era when immigrants provided much of the manpower for iron's plants and mines, work crews were divided into ethnic groups. Thus, whenever supervisors wanted to boost production they would approach a French-Canadian work team, for example, and goad them with the news—real or illusory—that the Italians were beating their output.

Memories such as Pharsand's also echo on the streets of Copper Cliff, the hub of iron's operations and a company town up until 1972. A retired iron worker points up the hill that runs above the town to the Copper Cliff Club and recalls the days when laid-off men were not allowed to step within its doors. "After several accounts of men going beating a union organizer's face with a typewriter in 1942 as if the incident happened last week."

These tales are now part of local oral history, but another part of the company's legacy, its environmental damage, are present for all to see, smell and taste. When local photographers take aerial publicity shots of the grimy, 90-year-old smelter complex, they like to show the gardens and playing fields of Nickel Park in the foreground. In fact, recently, it was here that the smelter environmental destruction got its start. At the turn of the century, and until the opening of the mechanical smelter, heaps of raw ore were roasted on open-

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sites. Dense clouds of sulphur dioxide blow off the pits, creating the barren wasteland that was to become INCO's training ground in later years. Today, even with the so-called super stack—which spews large volumes of acid rain-producing gas over vast areas of the province—the acrid taste of sulphur still lingers in the mouths of the city's dwellers.

Although his modest office adjoins to the smelter's green little enclave of Mt. Park, Walter Newman, the president of the company's Ontario division, is the most senior Inco official in Sudbury. Newman readily admits that the bitterness exists. But the real villain, he claims, is not Inco. Rather, it is the depressed world economy and increased competition in world nickel markets.

But, despite the often bitter taste of dependence, many Sudbury residents are loyal and even protective about Inco. While the city has paid the price of sour air, lost lives—157 at Inco since 1968—social strife and a twisted economy, the mother lode of nickel has produced years of growth. Many times the grey metal has pulled the community back from the brink of collapse. In the past, those who suggested King Nike's son to ruler was coming to an end did so at their peril. For the past few years,



Phil Reid (left), Bruce Reid in chairs and pegged

Unemployment and immigration's distress economist, Neil Senne, has been one of them. On a table in his office is a cartoonist's rendering of a Chamber of Commerce head table. To the right of the speaker is a gagged man leered in chains who is labelled with Senne's job title. "You have some funny people here," Senne says. "They're this-skinned and feel something is wrong with being a realist."

But, as the shutdown drags on, some of Senne's critics seem to be softening. "Demand studies when asked about them: 'The reactionary businessman—let's say he isn't so reactionary anymore. The writing's always been on the wall, but I guess they didn't see it until

now.'" Today many people in Sudbury are looking beyond Canada to the other nickel operations that have eroded Inco's grip on the industry. In many countries they see state-owned mines selling nickel at a loss but keeping their employees on the job. That is giving new momentum to an old cause: the nationalization of Inco. Says Norma Yakusheva, a grief man who left the smelter to become vice-president of the steelworkers' local, "The countries who run their own nickel operations are looking after their people and their interests first. To survive, we've got to either put as hard-

hat on this as them." The idea even has tentative support from an unlikely ally, Jim Gordon, a former mayor turned Tory MPP. Last month Gordon called for an inquiry into the future plans of Inco and Placemine, which would "examine whether the time has come to take over the industry at our market value."

The economic and political arguments about the merits of nationalization could—and may well—go on for years. In the meantime, Jim Gordon and thousands of others will continue to pass more idle days wondering when the slowdown will finally reach its end. ◇



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Schleyer: a secret fight to save him

FOLLOW-UP

Politics of the gun

Five years ago, on a September evening in the suburbs of Cologne, West Germany, a blonde-haired girl pushed a baby carriage off the curb into the path of a Mercedes limousine, forcing the driver to brake so violently that the escort car behind slammed into the rear of his vehicle. Almost immediately, a white Volkswagen Jetta pulled alongside the Mercedes and fired a barrage of machine-gun fire through the windows of the second car. The assassins then turned to the Mercedes, slaying the driver with bullets through the heart. Coldly, the gunmen pulled a struggling, bloody man from the rear seat, tossed him into the minibus and sped away. The entire operation lasted barely two minutes.

The abducted man was Hannes-Martin Schleyer, president of the Federation of West German Industries, and his kidnapping on Sept. 5, 1977, which was preceded by the terrorist slaying of two prominent establishment figures—including West Germany's federal chief prosecutor—set off a nightmarish sequence of events that still strikes fear in German hearts.

Schleyer had been snared by members of the far-left Baader-Meinhof gang, who wanted to exchange him for the release of their chief, Andreas Baader, and 16 other terrorists held in jail. When the government refused to comply, another terrorist team stepped forward in October to snare a Luftwaffe officer carrying German vacationers

home from Majors. But this fresh bid to spring Baader was foiled when then Chancellor Helmut Schmidt dispatched an elite German commando unit to Mogadishu in Somalia, where the Boeing 737 had touched down, to blast its way aboard with "van" grenades and free the passengers. Immediately after the rescue, it was announced that Baader and two fellow prisoners had committed suicide in their West German prison cells. Then, to cap Germany's autumn of terror, Schleyer's bloodied body was discovered in the trunk of a car just across the West Ger-

man border at Mülhausen, France.

Since then, a thick air of mystery has hung over the 52-day ordeal that led up to Schleyer's murder at the hands of his captors. Not one of the Baader-Meinhof terrorists captured by police men that tragic autumn has admitted to the crime. The government, apart from denying a report that it had deliberately torpedoed an attempt by Schleyer's son, Rüdiger, to purchase his father's freedom by paying a \$500,000-worth ransom—\$250,000 at the time—has remained remarkably mum about the affair. But part of the veil may have been

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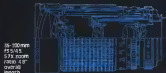
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shifted last month when Stern, the mass-circulation West German weekly, claimed that Chancellor Schmidt, far from refusing to bargain with Schleyer's kidnappers—thereby ensuring that the scenario would run its grisly course—had, in truth, made a desperate effort to buy Schleyer's freedom.

According to the magazine's story, Schmidt, realizing by early October that police stood no chance of finding Schleyer, agreed as a last resort to offer the terrorists 300,000 marks to spare their victim. Two industrialists—one of whom, Eberhard Von Brauchitsch, was a close friend of Schleyer's—were chosen to raise the ransom in business circles. Once it was ready, Von Brauchitsch flew to Geneva, his suitcase bulging with banknotes.

The ransom was placed in a safety deposit box whose combination was given to a Swiss lawyer named Denis Fayot, who, according to the Stern account, had been serving as an intermediary between the kidnappers and both Bubi the German police, unknown to Von Brauchitsch—and possibly even

The 'mad molls' have been less trigger-happy since 1977, but they may be planning a new wave of mayhem

to Schmidt—then stepped in to tag Fayot's telephone and to shadow him in the hope he would lead them to Schleyer.

The magazine reported that Fayot, suspecting a trap or simply deciding to have nothing further to do with the case, failed to communicate the Stern government's last-minute ransom offer to the Baader-Meinhof gang. As the money lay untouched in the bank, Schleyer went to his death, unaware of the German establishment's secret fight to save him.

Though Von Brauchitsch and Fayot have declined to confirm or deny the Stern account, the paper's dramatic story of the abortive attempt to rescue Schleyer is not the only reminder in Germany that full of the left-wing factions who declared war on their society in the 1970s. West German government authorities, announcing that they feared a fresh onslaught of "red" terror, last month issued 300,000 brightly colored posters offering huge rewards for the capture of 15 of the most dangerous terrorists who have eluded police dragnets for years.

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Q&A: JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

The high cost of fear



Galbraith in the midst of a nuclear attack, evocative and bring credit cards

Hundreds of thousands of demonstrators around the world have taken to the streets in the past year to oppose the world nuclear arms buildup. Still, according to economist and author John Kenneth Galbraith, who has held a series of senior posts in the U.S. government, there are powerful forces within governments that stand to see the proliferation of nuclear weapons continue. Galbraith spoke with *Maclean's* senior writer Lennox McQuinn in Toronto.

Maclean's: There has clearly been a dramatic surge in interest in the anti-nuclear movement. Do you see this as something of a passing phase or do you think there has been a real change of attitude?

Galbraith: It's hard to tell, but I think there has been a sign of this interest for several years and I have always had the feeling that it is anxiety that has been just below the surface. Two things have brought it to the surface: the general sense of how great the accumulation of nuclear weapons is, and how great the potential for destruction is. Those who have been making this case for a long while have finally achieved an audience, but I think Ronald Reagan and his people provided the major series of shocks that brought the alarm into the open. They did that in a superbly orchestrated effort. That it was not intended does not detract at all from the achievement. The stage was set by the long increase in military spending, which was linked, in

turn, to the assault on social expenditures. This came the renewed commitment to the MX missile and the extended debate over its basing. Next came the well-publicized decision to proceed with the nuclear bank, with its emphasis on the destruction of people, as opposed to property, followed by their talk of limited nuclear war and demonstration of nuclear explosives. Then came the renewed emphasis on civil defense in the United States. The city in which I live, Cambridge, Mass., was greatly aroused by a Civil Defense memorandum telling us of the plans for evacuation to Greenfield, Mass., in the event of a nuclear attack and telling everybody to be sure to bring their credit cards.

Maclean's: With so many people in favor of disarmament, what do you see as the fundamental problem preventing it from happening?

Galbraith: Well, there are two problems. First, there's the ability of those who are resisting disarmament to exploit fear. Mention the Soviet Union, and the bravest politicians take to the hills. The other thing is more subtle. There has developed in Washington, and possibly also in Moscow, a small group of people who have made the whole subject of nuclear disarmament into a job, into a profession, and they have made the issue so complicated that they have enfolded the public as a whole. They have come to monopolize the nuclear arms discussion, and it has become for them something between a profession and a chess game. This is why they are so

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averse to the idea of a freeze on the production, development and deployment of nuclear weapons, because it is a straightforward proposal that takes the uncertainty out of their heads. These are the people that we have come to call the nuclear theologians.

Maclean's: Who are these people?
Galsbolter: Eugene Rostow is one, the head of the Arms Control Agency in Washington, and Paul Nitze, who is head of the U.S. negotiating team at the Arms Control Talks in Geneva—in the extent that they have been negotiating—in another. There is a whole group of less well-known people, including some people who specialize on this issue in Congress, all of whom seek to exclude the public from a discussion. They have a professional vested interest in the subject of arms control and believe that they are the only people who understand it. Whenever someone else comes up with an effective arms control proposal, people in this group reiterate that the Soviets are very dangerous and that this proposal would please them. I think that the proper metaphor of the arms race is two small boys in a garage

We must beware of the people who say that bilateral disarmament is impossible—they accept ultimate destruction

that has six inches of gasoline on the floor. One boy has six matches and the other has seven matches, and the one that has no says that he is inferior. I think that metaphor is precise.

Maclean's: Would you favor unilateral disarmament?

Galsbolter: Perhaps the case could be made, but I have led my life in close association with the political process, and it has been to be persuasive politically, the truth is that anyone who talks about unilateral disarmament is dismissed. I prefer to be realistic on this matter. You must have people with you to be effective.

Maclean's: But do you think it is realistic to expect that there could be a bilateral disarmament?

Galsbolter: What is the alternative? That's what we must ask ourselves. We must also always beware of the people who say it is impossible. They are the people who accept ultimate destruction.

Maclean's: To what extent has the nuclear weapons industry played an important role in shaping the disarmament lobby?

Galsbolter: There is no question that it

has, but I have always, for what it's worth, thought the bureaucracy, the defence department and the military theologians, by their monopoly of the discussion, were more important.

Maclean's: You have indicated that all this investment in the nuclear arms race does not really stimulate the economy of the United States. How can that be?

Galsbolter: This is an extremely important point. The investment in strategic arms, nuclear arms in particular, has a very narrow effect on the economy, as the weapons industry, as marine-cas-

marine building and on some parts of the electronics industry, but very little more. This is one of the reasons why our steel and automobile industries, and other older industries, are in such poor condition. They have been suffering from a shortage of capital because capital has been lavished on the arms industry. Further proof of this is that the Japanese, who have not been concentrating their investment on armaments, have suffered great advantages over the United States in civilian industry. It is obvious that the Soviets have been

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weakening themselves in the same way that we have.

Maclean's: From a Keynesian point of view—the advocacy of monetary and fiscal programs by governments to increase employment—doesn't that investment in the economy have a stimulating effect?

Gaborik: The Keynesian system was for the Depression—you had very low interest rates and still a great many idle plants and unemployed people. Under those circumstances, arms expenditure, or any government expenditure, had a stimulating effect. Now, arms expenditure has in its consequence the forcing up of interest rates and the taking away of capital from civilian industry. One has only to look at the interest rates that now exist to see how that is working.

Maclean's: So even though investment to arm the country during the Second World War had a stimulating effect, it isn't working now?

Gaborik: We fought all of the Second World War with interest rates of five or six per cent. Now, the financing of the deficit is one of the critical factors in the interest rates. If we could get an effective cut in the arms budget and some increase in taxes, interest rates would immediately fall off.

Maclean's: You have talked about the impact of the arms race on emerging nations. Can you explain your view?

Gaborik: Neither we nor the Soviets are exporting nuclear arms to the developing countries, and the vast sales of sophisticated non-nuclear weapons bear very little relationship to military use in these countries—they don't have

the required logistical organization and technical competence. I particularly cite the case of Brazil. Arabia has military equipment that it will not be able to use until some time in the next century. Until then it will have to rely on foreigners for expertise.

Maclean's: You have argued that supplying weapons to emerging nations often has the effect of propelling up military regimes.

Gaborik: There is no question that military aid programs have had a destabilizing effect in the temporary support they have given to military regimes. They also activate some suspicion about the regimes. I think, on balance, U.S. military aid to Iran was destabilizing. It was prop regimes up, but it was also destroying them.

Maclean's: You have given the impression that you have felt there was a need for more action on disarmament on the part of these emerging nations.

Gaborik: I would like to see a much stronger effort made by the new countries toward an embargo on arms imports. The case of India and Pakistan is a fair one. Both are poor countries and both are spending enormous sums on arms imports, even in addition to what the United States is providing to Pakistan. I would like to see a much stronger effort made by these two countries to put aside their tensions and resolve against buying weapons. We and the Soviet Union are asked to put aside our animosities and agree on arms control, but Indians should be turned to the emerging countries as well. Take Venezuela, for instance, among because of the tension with Guyana, and Guyana

Disarmament march in New York's great accumulation of nuclear weapons



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Woodcock gets all points for his destruction

arming because of tension with Venezuela. Both of them are concerned with real estate; they're nobody would want. This is something that should not be resolved by arms imports.

Medeen's: Are these countries not in the same position, though? If one gets arms, then the other feels it needs them too?
Woodcock: Absolutely. This is exactly how the arms race proceeds between ourselves and the Soviet Union. In his memoirs Nikita Khrushchev, in a passage that deserved greater attention than it received, tells of a conversation at Camp David with President Eisenhower. I will read it to you because I think it reflects well the current situation.

"Tell me, Mr. Khrushchev," the president asked, "do you decide on funds for military expenditures?" Then, before I had a chance to say anything, he continued, "Perhaps first I should tell you how it was with us... It's like this. My military leaders come to me and say, 'Mr. President, we need such and such a sum for such and such a program. If we don't get the funds we need, we'll build the Soviet Union.' So I invariably give it. That's how they bring money out of me. They keep grabbing more and more, and I keep giving it to them. New tall me, how it is with you?"

Khrushchev's reply "It's just the same. Some people from our military department come and say, 'Comrade Khrushchev, look at this. The Americans are developing such and such a system. We could develop the same system, but it would cost such and such.' I tell them there's no money; it's all been allocated already. So they say, 'If we don't get the money we need and if there's a war, then the enemy will have superiority over us.' Then I put the matter to the government and we take the steps which our military people have recommended." ☐

PODIUM

Taking aim at the hunter

By George Woodcock

British Columbia has always been thought of as the last refuge of an increasingly threatened population of large game animals. When the provincial government established wilderness parks in the province's immense remote regions, it seemed as though the safety and survival of the wildlife was assured. The reality is awfully different. That fall trophy hunters—most of them foreigners—will pay high prices to go into British Columbia's wilderness parks to kill animals of threatened species and they will be doing it legally, with the actual encouragement of the B.C. environment ministry's Fish and Wildlife Branch.

The current centre of the controversy between conservationists and the hunter-oriented Fish and Wildlife Branch is the 1.8-million-acre Spatsizi Plateau Wilderness Park. According to a 1975 order-in-council, which established the park in the far north of the province, Spatsizi is "a unique wildlife area," requiring "exceptional protection and management to ensure that the values associated with the wildlife are retained and not permitted to degenerate in quality."

In the past Spatsizi was too inaccessible for its wildlife to be greatly disturbed by hunters, and the moose and caribou, along sheep and mountain goats lived in balance with the resident predators, the grizzly, the black bear and wolves. In 1975 the wilderness park was created to preserve this balance from an influx of hunters, as the area had become more accessible by new roads.

But the ecological integrity of Spatsizi has been violated since the park's creation in ways that emphasize harm for the Fish and Wildlife Branch—the very agency created to protect wildlife in British Columbia—has learned toward the interests not only of the more than 70 per cent of Canadians who hunt, but even more toward the foreign hunters, mostly from the United States and northern Europe, who are willing to pay well—as much as \$30,000—for the heads of beasts that, in their own country, are either extinct or efficiently protected.

In spite of the fact that Spatsizi is described as a unique wildlife area, hunters are still allowed to go in and kill species whose numbers are small and whose survival is precarious. This is the outcome of a single sentence in the

order-in-council establishing the park: "Hunting and fishing, within sustained yield limits, is permissible." This sentence, which according to Patrick Moore of Greenpeace, "undermines the purpose of the park," was not in the original draft of the order-in-council but, according to Moore, was in the final version, signed by the then and Wildlife Branch. The first decision to allow hunting seems to be based partly on an overestimate of the park's wildlife population and partly on a misguided interpretation of its role, which it appears to see as protecting hunters rather than protecting animals. Thus and time again, the conclusions of the branch's officers regarding population have been proven overoptimistic in comparison with those of independent biologists. In 1975 the number of caribou in Spatsizi was officially estimated at 4,000, although officials admitted that no actual count of animals had been made. Yet

The sheep's head is taken to hang on a wall in Dallas or Düsseldorf, while its body rots in the mountains

this dubious estimate was published in spite of the fact that two biologists, appointed by the Provincial Parks Branch to carry out an investigation in 1977-78, had estimated the number of caribou in the park at 1,600, less than half the official count.

Using such inflated figures for caribou—and for other species—Fish and Wildlife officials have always maintained that there is an sufficient increase in all the animals of Spatsizi to allow both hunting and the effect of predation. The biologists from the park branch, to the contrary, found that caribou in the park were probably declining at the rate of one per cent a year. "There are no supplies available of either moose or caribou, and hunting should cease," they said. Another independent report in 1978 also recommended that hunting be stopped, at least temporarily, in the upper Spatsizi region. But these recommendations have been ignored by the Fish and Wildlife Branch, which has continued to allow both resident and nonresident hunters to operate in Spatsizi, to set out the trophies—packing out the legs

and most viscera back among the caribou and the moose and most terran-wine runs among the stags sheep, with obviously detrimental genetic effects on the wildlife population.

In recent years there has been a significant increase in the proportion of nonresident and mainly non-Canadian hunters. Out of 181 caribou, moose, goat and sheep trophies by nonresidents in 1975, 50 were taken by nonresidents. In 1981, 42 out of 62 were killed by nonresidents. Furthermore, it is nonresident hunters who form the basis of the thriving industry in Spatsizi. The current price for getting a shot at a stags sheep is \$10,000. The sheep's head is taken to hang on a wall in Dallas or Düsseldorf, its body rots in the mountains, and the chances of its species' survival are diminished to satisfy the whims of an alien race.

Recently, the situation at Spatsizi has resulted in bitter confrontations between Greenpeace conservationists and angry outfitters. One firm of outfitters is using Greenpeace activists for staff and has lost its licence because of the situation. The same outfitters are being criminally prosecuted for assaulting Greenpeace. Whatever the courts decide, the actual situation leading to conflict has been created simply by a government that is traditionally oriented toward a philosophy of game management and now regards hunting as a sacred. When the director of the Fish and Wildlife Branch decided to allow hunting in a wilderness park, he was creating a serious contradiction with his own definition of his objectives as a "game biologist," which he has defined as "to enhance game production and try to improve hunting."

Surely it is time our wildlife is protected from foreign trophy hunters. Surely it is also time that the 98 per cent of Canadians who do not hunt be guaranteed wilderness areas where they can observe wildlife peacefully. Spatsizi seemed an ideal place for preserving several large and imperilled species of game for such nonviolent enjoyment, but a single sentence in its charter, allowing hunting, has turned the park into a place of killing and non-protection. That is the plan, wildlife parks elsewhere in Canada should learn the lesson: modern hunting and the preservation of natural wilderness are in no way compatible.

George Woodcock is a award-winning author living in Vancouver.



Lougheed's last hurrah



By Gordon Legge

Proclaiming that "the way is clearing and we are in the mood," Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed put on and to monitor of speculation and last week called an election for Nov. 2. But, even before the election went to record, there was virtual unanimity that the most durable of all western premiers would, once again, sweep back into office with an overwhelming majority. While debate rages across the heretofore hazy about management of the economy, the federal-provincial energy agreement and the Heritage Savings Trust Fund, the question is not who will be the opposition, but whether there will be one at all.

Nonetheless, even Tory campaigners acknowledge an element of unpredictability that was not evident in the 1979 and 1975 elections. For one thing, recent polls show that between 25 and 30 per cent of the electorate is undecided, a reflection of concern for the economy is what was once thought to be a virtually consensus-proof province. Furthermore, 14 years of their role in a one-party state has bred the inevitable contempt that comes with familiarity. As a result, there remains a feeling across the province that some voters are still searching—albeit in the dark—for a credible alternative. Seeking up his own one-way band, New Democratic

rest surfaces, it is not expected to alter the outcome substantially. But it would make the election more than a foregone conclusion.

The Tories offer a formidable challenge. They won the election with a stranglehold on 71 of the legislature's 79 seats. The remaining seats belong to Tom Swilling, a renegade Conservative who was expelled from the caucus in 1980 for publicly backing about the party's position on the Constitution, and Green leader Gordon Keeler, who formed the official Opposition but who now plans to run as an Independent. In 1979 only eight of the Tories' 14 winning candidates failed to poll more votes than their combined opposition.

But the autumn call showed that not even Lougheed was willing to throw another long, cold winter with little hope of an economic upturn. He began to set the stage for the election last spring with a \$6.4-billion program in order to boost the oil and gas industry, part I of his much-touted Economic Renaissance Program. Part 2 came on Sept. 7, when Lougheed went on television with a flourish to announce a \$1-billion package of mortgage aid and subsidised home start-up business and furniture, financed by the Heritage Fund. That was followed by help for the natural gas industry, a

Party Leader Green Netley gave his view of the current mood. "I think there is an undercurrent of populism in Alberta, a feeling that it is time for the average man to be heard." It was that mood which led to the starring hyacinth expert in Olds, Alberta last February by the separatist Western Canada Concept (WCC). Even if that undercur-

Lougheed on the trail in Calgary (below), Netley counting: audience



\$300-million Western Capital Corp. and the creation of a task force to find a way of selling the government's shares in Pacific Western Airlines to the private sector in selling the election six months earlier than the usual four-year interval in Alberta, Lougheed devoted \$100 million to his campaign, mostly through the Heritage Fund.

Keeler, the party's only elected member, made a controversial switch to his home riding of Highwood from Olds-Didsbury, into which he had parachuted earlier in the year. Now he must try to win the new seat in the face of a strong challenge from Tory candidate Harry Alger. Meanwhile, there are few signs that Keeler's party is gaining credibility. William Thornell, the Edmonton Journal's assistant editor, de-

clines to see a natural death but it is leadership, debt-ridden and scrambling for candidates.

Meanwhile, the once vaunted WCC is floundering. Despite two purportedly satisfying conventions during the summer, defections and resignations continued. Keeler, the party's only elected member, made a controversial switch to his home riding of Highwood from Olds-Didsbury, into which he had parachuted earlier in the year. Now he must try to win the new seat in the face of a strong challenge from Tory candidate Harry Alger. Meanwhile, there are few signs that Keeler's party is gaining credibility. William Thornell, the Edmonton Journal's assistant editor, de-



Keeler campaigns: populism and the search for a credible alternative

clines, will take the leadership role in Confederation. So far, the opposition in Alberta has been both a curse and a blessing for the premier. Asked last summer if the government might have been better off with a stronger opposition, Lougheed answered, "On the one hand, we must remember that we have made a mistake. But, on the other hand, we faced some very grave confrontations and attacks by the federal government. I think it has been important for the federal government to know that the government of Alberta has had strong support from the vast majority of the citizens of the province. This balance."

No one knows at this point whether the support has weakened or whether the real threat is the party—if it is coming from the right or the left side of the political spectrum. Certainly, the opposition faces, with a notable exception, have never been in such disarray. The once powerful Social Credit party

seems "The special crusade against anti-Alberta unionism, supported on a scale of socialist-imperialist rule in Ottawa and Toronto is confined now to the post-battle march of the Western Canada Concept who, like those clashing today, refuse to sleep without a nightlight against the hegemony. The provincial Liberalism, by the admission of their able leader, millionaire oilman Nick Taylor, out of money and ill-prepared to fight an election. Moreover, the Alberta Reform Movement (ARM), a creation of Redfingers, has yet to fix a model. Redfingers, himself, faces a tough battle against another Tory candidate, popular Calgary Alderman Brian Lee.

Finally, the day after the election was announced, a brand-new group calling itself the Provincial Rights Association emerged and said that it will support Independent candidates whose response to provincialism was free-enterprise. Gary. Its president is Peter Ashby, a Calgary

oilman who pulled together 187 junior oil companies last October to lobby for two substantial changes in the Alberta-Ottawa energy agreement. Among the candidates' supporters are former Social Credit house leader Ray Specker and the once-popular Senator in the WCC leadership race, Beverly Bouslog, who resigned from the WCC sometime two weeks ago, bringing many of his supporters with him. Although it is not a political party, the group seems closest to representing the concerns of disgruntled Albertans who do not see themselves as separatists. "We want to get our provincial government back on the right track, to have it run as a business, to get it out of private industry, to do something for the good of Alberta and all Albertans—not just the good of government," says Ashby. But whether or not it can mount a significant challenge to the compact 28-odd campaign seems doubtful.

The only opposition party that was ready for the call was the WCC. Albertans' suspicion of anything that seems remotely socialist to them, have almost always ignored the WCC. But, with the right body of opinion, the WCC has Albertans are ready to give his moderate brand of social democracy a careful study. Describing himself as the provincial "strongly ready to lead," "Not out-of-shape, anyway" meant, Netley has never been in better shape to fight an election. The WCC is mounting a \$1-million campaign, with 500 workers and politicians from across the West—Manitoba Premier Edward Schreyer among them—going in to meet them. A key part of the WCC campaign is a series of eight television spots, one of which is a 15-minute film obstructing the voters' view inside the portals of power, while the speaker intones, "Tell the Tories it's your government, not theirs." Pandita indicates that the WCC could pick up as many as six seats, enough probably to give it official Opposition status. But is the major number that Lougheed secured in 1980, enough to give his youthful party the exposure that catapulted it into power in 1981. Pundits in the strong WCC province in the western provinces, Netley believes that "if the WCC can't make it this time, we never will." Even in Alberta, opposition parties should show up the WCC. But for Lougheed, the horizon is still clear. ☐

Ottawa edges up to the Americas

Ever since the Organization of American States was formed in 1948, Canada's attitude has been reminiscent of Quebec's Mary's remark: "I wouldn't want to belong to any club that would accept me as a member." Now, however, Ottawa has signalled a softening of its position. Before being elected to Justice in Pierre Trudeau's latest cabinet shuffle, then External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan declared his "strong personal preference" for joining the hemisphere body. Later this month the report of an advisory subcommittee that has spent the past 18 months studying Canada's relationships with Caribbean and Latin American countries is expected to recommend membership, adding support to MacGuigan's stand. For his nation, which has long felt rejected by Canadian standstillness, the news will be welcome. Says an External officer: "A lot of Latin has been saying, 'If you love us as much, why don't you just ask us in?'"

The main thrust of what could amount to a historic policy reversal is economic. Canada with about \$1 billion worth of goods to Caribbean and Latin countries and sees the potential for even more. More than 50 per cent of Canada's imported oil comes from Venezuela and Mexico, more secure sources than the reserves in the politically explosive Middle East. But a close-knit re-



OAS headquarters, Washington. Jewett (below) considers policies in perpetuity?

lationship does not live by trade alone. Says Larry Birtles of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs: "For Canada to make a real commitment to an inter-American relationship, it has to join that body."

In fact, Canada expressed interest in the Pan American Union in the early 1940s but, by the time the OAS was formed in 1948, Canada's brief fascination with Latin America had waned as poverty went to economic and military ties with the North Atlantic alliance. Later, when John Kennedy became president, the United States aggressively courted Canadian membership in the inter-American body, too. Interestingly for some, Kennedy's attempt to pressure John Diefenbaker on the matter during a visit to Ottawa in 1961

helped poison the personal relationship between the president and the prime minister. It was not until 1981 that Canada policy began to shift. Then, the government applied for permanent observer status at the OAS, and, a year later, an ambassador of ambassadorial rank was dispatched to the organization's Washington headquarters.

Much of the emerging debate over OAS membership revolves around an ancient theme in Canadian foreign policy: the U.S. connection. For years the case was viewed as an instrument of U.S. foreign policy. Although U.S. dominance has slipped in recent years, none, such as New Democratic Party's Pauline Jewett, fear that Canada would be unable to escape the shadow of its powerful neighbor if it joined the OAS. "We

would be swayed more through an American will," she asserts. But Birtles scoffs at such fears: "I don't know why we have to consider it unrealistic that Canadians are born to be partners of the Americans in perpetuity."

Others worry that OAS membership would bring Canada into conflict with other members and damage relations with Latin and Caribbean nations rather than improve them. Jewett cites the fury aimed at the United States for failing to support Argentina during the Falklands war, a war Canada avoided by not taking a stand in the OAS forum. "We're not caught up in that at all," she says. For her part, Senator Stenebe, a Conservative member of the subcommittee, is appalled by such resistances. "That's a terribly plain approach."

Still, a fundamental question that the cabinet must answer is whether the gains from OAS membership will offset the problems it may cause. Jewett describes the body as a "good old boys' club" while her aide colleague, Saskatchewan MP Roy Robert Galt, says the organization "has lost much of its luster." The assessment within External is even more bleak. "One of the major downsides is that the OAS really doesn't do anything," says an official.

It is a complaint that even such OAS supporters as Birtles acknowledge. But Birtles believes that Canada could breathe new life into the creaky body. It is seen by Latin and Caribbean countries as a sociological nation with none of the inhibitions of the United States. "Canada has been underusing its regional strengths and powers when they were needed," he maintains. Should it join, Canada could play an important role as a champion of human rights within the OAS, some of whose members have the worst records of any nation. That is particularly crucial given that human rights rank near the bottom of the Reagan administration's foreign policy priorities. "Essentially, one is looking for someone to carry the torch during very dark days in Washington on this issue," Birtles brags. But Mr. Galt says that kind of role must be achieved only by pressure, brutal regimes. "Coming up with the club isn't going to percolate it," he says. Adds Jewett, "It might be the one area in which we could possibly have greater influence, but even there my guess is we might feel ourselves outdone."

Ultimately, the issue may be resolved by default. Officials say that Canada would only join the OAS if it felt wanted—and that means being wanted all of the organization's members. With Latin powers still reeling in the wake of the Falklands war, the welcome mat may be pulled out before Canada gets to the door.

—DON BRETHER IS OTTAWA

BRITISH COLUMBIA

SOS from the lamp of learning

Soon after he became education minister last August, Wilson Vander Zalm and one Vancouver television show, "I think a person has to be able to write good." Teachers across British Columbia chuckled at the grammatical gaffe, but it was one of the last laughs they have had. Since then, the hard-edged Vander Zalm has been the butcher man in the provincial government's plans to save \$112 million from a \$1.7-billion education budget by 1993. And, although Premier Bill Bennett has tried to cool things off, for British Columbia's teachers and students, Vander Zalm is still as jolting as ever.

The province's 38,000 teachers are upset because they are being forced to

teachers' federation, resembled that making teachers work without pay was "absurd." Kuhnke says that even if the teachers caught go out on strike, even though they do not belong to a union. A further irritant came after a series of government flip-flops, which have reversed school boards to state up three different meetings in 1992. Since then, the president of the British Columbia School Trustees Association, "Vander Zalm changes policy from one hot-line show to the next. I think the government's handling of this has been a real mess."

While teachers were holding small demonstrations—last week in Surrey they passed out leaflets explaining their position and prepared for a massive rally Oct. 20—Vander Zalm was still shaking with the school trustees. They sent off a telegram scolding him of waste and social hypocrisy in his ministry, which the minister answered with the message change that the trustees had initiated their own association.

Bill Bennett, rather than Vander Zalm, was responsible for the budget-cutting School Services (Ministry) Act, which was finally passed last week. Despite the province's extraordinary efforts, though, school trustees and teachers were still left in their beds at well as with the prospect of 3,800 school employees being laid off next spring. The bill will force teachers to work for five days without pay between January and June when the spring term will be shortened by one week. The term will be made up by taking 18 unpaid minutes out of the end of each school day. For their part, school boards, which are already worried that they do not have enough money left in their budgets to continue operating until June, see no longer discuss teachers without first getting approval from Vander Zalm.

The teachers have until this Friday to negotiate with local boards about how many of the laid-off staff training days they are willing to give up. If they have not agreed by then, they will automatically lose all six days. Trustee spokesmen Birtles admitted that many funds would be targeted not to settle with the teachers—and pocket the cash. For the government, the arithmetic of education cuts is simple: it is facing a \$1-billion deficit. For both teachers and trustees, the reduced budgets will mean a different type of educational staff layoffs. As one teacher put it, "Everybody has to tighten their belts, but I don't think the place to start is with raise-and-30-year-olds."

—MAGGIE GRAY IS VANCOUVER



Teacher in mourning work without pay

work without pay for at least a week. This could chip at much as \$2,000 from their salaries, which average \$50,000. Trustees are complaining that they have lost the power to lay off teachers in order to save money, and children in some schools are shivering in unheated classrooms because furnaces are not working properly. In Vancouver last month the school board was pleased to order that flags be flown at half-mast to mourn the death of a teacher for 75 long hours across the province.

Democracy in remission

Small, steady and very charming, 57-year-old Alexander Oella, secretary-general of the Organization of American States (OAS), is carried off at the prospect of Canada joining his club. As Argentine national unity is noted in Washington more for his playful parties and playful language than for his diplomacy, Oella was nevertheless beaming with leading the club into a new era of independence from U.S. foreign policy and toward a clear identity of its own. In his huge second-floor Washington office is the OAS headquarters, a large building at the corner of the White House, Oella, once interviewed by Maclean's contributing editor William Louthier.

Maclean's: Some OAS members are not as enthusiastic in seeking closer ties than the rest of Canada. How very well critics these doubts? Will that not be diverse?

Oella: In the OAS we have ideological pluralism. We do not pass judgments on the governments of others. That doesn't mean that some governments are not highly critical of others, it means we don't interfere. It is the privilege of each country to have the government it wants. Even when democracy is interrupted, it is interrupted for the sake of democracy and, where possible, it returns to democracy. Can you tell me one that has not returned to democracy?

Maclean's: What about Paraguay?

Oella: I gather that you do not think that Paraguay has a democratic government. But, majority of Paraguayan will disagree with you. Maybe we have

to define democracy. Maybe there is a certain sense of that word which is not exactly what we have in Latin America.

Maclean's: What are the major ancestors of the OAS?

Oella: The most important is that we have helped to maintain peace in the hemisphere for a long, long time. A second is that we have created a platform for dialogue. Here, the little island of Grenada has an equal voice to that of the United States. Here, countries can talk out problems with respect. And, thirdly, we have been responsible for much economic development.

Maclean's: What about Panama?

Oella: We have been tried by our members here to react to the allegations that to act. If our members would take a greater interest, play a greater role, we could be a much more effective tool. We hope that Canada will help us with this problem. We hope that Canada will use this organization to meet objectives. Imagination is the only limit.

Maclean's: Should Canada decide to join the OAS, what will its objectives be?

Oella: It will be more than welcome. We have been waiting for a long time.

The new scheme to save the mine

The powers promised a bailout of the territory's economy, but the jailed Yukoner looking for work in Whitehorse and Faro last week was not convinced that the politicians had guaranteed better days in the North this winter. Indian and Northern Affairs Minister John Munro flew in from Ottawa to engineer an agreement between Cyprus Amdel Mining Corp., the union and the Yukon government to reopen the territory's largest mine as soon as possible (Maclean's, Sept. 30). The only public revelation was the commitment to "an action plan" within two months. There were intimations that Munro also had provided assurances of a federal bailout for the mine, which, with 600 workers, is the Yukon's largest private employer.

The Cyprus Amdel lead-zinc mine at Faro closed in June for what was supposed to be a summer shutdown. In September its parent company, Deane Petroleum, itself the recent beneficiary of the biggest bailout in Canada's history, extended the shutdown until at least spring. The mine is the backbone of the Yukon economy. When it closed, operations so did the territory's only railway, the White Pass and Yukon route, which estimated that it would lay off almost all of its more than 150 workers for the winter. Yukoners promptly accelerated their retreat from a deflated economy. Since June almost 1,000 of the 24,000 population have left the territory. Businesses cut inventory and staff and say sales will drop by as much as half.

The new action plan aims to stave the impending five. Ottawa will provide some kind of financial support if the government and union strive to "improve the long-term viability of the mine" and "significantly increase productivity." Toward those ends, both sides agreed to start negotiating a new collective agreement in the next two weeks. Yukon Conservative Government Leader Chris Pearson said that he hoped the announcement will stop the mass exodus of people. But a Whitehorse miner at the construction site of a power dam struggled at the news and said, "I don't think that even is going to open anyone's eyes." Conservative Allan Wright, Cyprus Amdel's federal government relations manager, "There is no question it's a breakthrough. It's a pretty positive move when you get all the parties together." Even he would have to admit, however, that it will take more than talk to revive the mine, Faro and the Yukon. —BARBARA COLEMAN/Whitehorse



Cape Breton separatist MacEwan: can he be underestimated?

NOVA SCOTIA

Independence in Cape Breton

It may surprise other Canadians to discover that the increasingly respected political virus, separatism, has suddenly struck again—or Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, of course, will recall from school days that Cape Bretoners have flirted intermittently with separatism since 1836, when the island was involuntarily annexed to the Crown colony of Nova Scotia. Now will they be at all startled to learn that the plotters behind this latest breakaway movement in Cape Breton's most controversial M.L.A., Paul MacEwan, and that he has demanded a truly federalist pact to succeed where others have failed—a referendum.

After his expulsion from the New Democratic Party two years ago, the climax of years of wrangling between the party's Cape Breton and Halifax wings, the strident MacEwan, 39, signified unity with the idea of creating the floor of Province House in Halifax to join the governing Tories but he could not strike a deal. Instead, sitting as an Independent, he spent much of the last legislative session shouting his bitter foe, star Leader Allan Rock, for the sin of having been born into a wealthy family. Now, MacEwan has devised a new strategy: formation of the Cape Breton Labor Party, pledged to make the island Canada's 11th province, and a proposal to place a referendum on separation on a municipal election ballot in the fall of 1989.

Such a municipal scheme would not require approval from the provincial government. "I expect they will just veto it," MacEwan snarled. In contrast, elected officials on each island manage lives as Sydney, Glace Bay and

New Waterford might welcome the vote in order to give themselves added leverage in negotiations with Halifax.

MacEwan hopes to tap growing local resentment over Halifax's hoarding prosperity—fed by provincial government spending—and the sharp contrast with the chronic economic depression in Cape Breton.

MacEwan has won a seemingly unshakable following in his own riding of Cape Breton Nova after a decade of an old-fashioned attention to constituents' problems, from blocked sewers to unemployment insurance and workers' compensation. Local politicians do not dismiss his chances of enlarging his base by appealing to separatist sentiment, providing he can control his periodic urges to fall about wildly. (He once demanded a gauge of all Liberal appointees to Cape Breton County staff and another time denounced fellow sisters from Halifax as Trotskyites.) "I hesitate to underestimate that gentleman," says Sydney Mayor Manning MacEwan. "He has been underestimated before. He is still a force to be reckoned with. I think he will get somewhere." MacEwan claims to have signed up 1,100 paid-up members for his Cape Breton Labor Party. But he drew only 13 delegates to the founding convention in Glace Bay early this month. They unanimously elected MacEwan its leader and president, and vowed to contest all 11 Cape Breton seats in Nova Scotia's 55-seat legislature. The real test, however, will not come until Premier John Buchanan makes his bid on power in another election, perhaps three years from now.

—PETER BARRY DOMINON
in Cape Breton

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WORLD

Easing the other cold war

By Daniel Burnstein

The chill between the world's two Communist giants, which turned into a freeze with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, had been melting for months. For one thing, the Soviet news agency Tass dropped its daily condemnations of Chinese leaders, and TV in the U.S.S.R. began broadcasting documentaries on China that were notable for their lack of propaganda. For another, in a recent speech to Azerbaijan Communist Party members, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev called for renewed efforts to improve relations with China. Then, last week, after 30 years of fierce hostility, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Leonid Brezhnev formally confirmed the beginning of a rapprochement when he flew to Peking to meet with his Chinese counterpart, Qian Qichen. It was a visit that will have worldwide consequences.

Despite Brezhnev's presence in Peking, China is still opposed to what it views as the Kremlin's pursuit of global domination. Yet opposition to Soviet foreign policy does not preclude toning down the often bitter war of words—a demerit that China may have felt compelled to take after relations with the West faltered. In the wake of its dispute with

Washington over proposed arms sales to Taiwan, Peking's ostensibly poised relationship with the Americans suffered a disappointing setback. Coupled with that is China's disillusionment with the economic benefits of its "open door" policy toward the West, including Japan. Under the rule of the pragmatic Deng Xiaoping, the Chinese Communist Party has no ideological reason to treat the Soviets any differently from other potential adversaries. And, with the late Mao Tse-tung's dogmatic promise to "fight Soviet revisionism for 4,000 years" now rendered meaningless by China's own revision to name practical policies, there is less and less reason not to deal directly with the Soviets.

For Moscow, East-West relations have also sunk to a low point. As a result, the Kremlin has single-mindedly tried to beat the brush on one of its flanks. Friendly, Soviet officials indicate that Brezhnev has always endorsed rapprochement with China, but that he was disappointed in achieving that

objective for many of his 38 years in power by party dialogue. Mikhail Gorbachev, after hard-line Brezhnev's death last January, the aging Brezhnev may have felt gratified to act in order to achieve some form of Sin-Soviet reconciliation during his lifetime. And, although he may not live to see its fruition, history may give him the credit. Mifflin, too, a reconciliation provides benefits to the Soviets. With their concerns raised about the "two billion enemies at our backs," Moscow will have more freedom to shift energy to the thousands of troops sent to Kazakhstan and the Soviet Far East, possibly onto Eastern Europe.

Soviet reconciliation



That ripple effect is also of pressing interest to the Chinese. By distancing themselves from the West, the Chinese may reclaim their leadership of the Third World. To that end, China has recently been able to significantly improve relations with such Soviet-influenced countries as Angola, as well as with the pro-Moscow French Communist Party. Peking can

Soviet Red Army (left), China's People's Liberation Army efforts to improve

also use the spectre of improved Sin-Soviet relations to create tensions between Moscow and its ally Vietnam, one of China's fiercest enemies. The fact that Brezhnev recently had to state explicitly that relations would not improve "to the detriment of Third World countries" suggests that there are those in Hanoi who fear that premise development.

Western analysts stress that the current talks in Peking will probably produce few substantive results in the near future. And Japanese officials are quick to insist that their recent intentions to increase domestic defenses are not intended to offset a possibly aggressive Sin-Soviet alliance. The immediate rationale for the decision, they say, is to counter the burgeoning Soviet naval fleet based in nearby Vladivostok. Still, military co-operation between the Soviet Union and China would have to be balanced in the Far East if Western interests—including Japan's—are to be protected.

Meanwhile, Chinese and Soviet forces remain mutually suspicious as they glare at each other across the Amur River, the site of fierce hand-to-hand combat during border disputes in 1969. And, in the months ahead, important decisions will have to be made on both sides about how far to proceed down the diplomatic road from symbolism to substance. Predicts Chinese Prime Minister Zhao Ziyang: "It's going to be a marathon."

*As Rick Charles in Moscow and Peter McCall in Tokyo

LEBANON

Hope in a shattered land

For the scarcely tight-knit Philip Habib, it was almost an arduous five minutes with the Lebanese White House press corps. Following closely the traditions of Middle East diplomacy, Habib had few revelations to offer for the public record but, as he emerged from lunch with President Reagan last week, the presidential envoy's mood was decidedly upbeat. The prospects for an agreement on a pullback from Lebanon of Syrian, Israeli and Palestinian forces seemed encouraging. The issues, Habib noted, had been narrowed. And, asked if withdrawal might occur before the end of the year, the diplomat replied: "Why wait that long? If you do not do it as quickly as possible, you run the risk of accidents and escalation."

Still, events in Lebanon proved that even the most tempered optimism is subject to sudden reversals. Six Israeli soldiers were killed and 22 wounded in an ambush at Aklah, near Beirut. Then, Israeli jets destroyed some Syrian ground-to-air missiles that had been deployed in the same area. It was a calculated retaliation, and the message was clear: Israeli soldiers cannot be attacked with impunity, but the government of Menachem Begin still wants a negotiated settlement.

In Boston West Beirut, the Lebanese army continued its search for illegal residents and arms caches. By the end of the week roughly 300 arrests had been made and more than 200 tonnes of ammunition seized. In the process, the army uncovered an elaborate anti-metre network of underground tunnels

linking Palestinian strongholds in West Beirut's core with three refugee camps south of the city. Along with hundreds of crates of Soviet-made missiles, mortar rounds and cannon shells, the Lebanese found stolen cars, forged passports, an ammunition centre and a Palestine Liberation Organisation torture chamber.

In response to charges that Lebanese troops were harassing Palestinians and detaining many who held bona fide residency permits, President Amr Gemayel met Wednesday with the ambassadors of France, Italy and the United States—sponsors of the 4,000-strong multinational force now patrolling the city. Gemayel reportedly promised to provide a list of those detained and he said the army would begin the delicate and politically sensitive task of disarming the Christian Phalangist militia in East Beirut this week. But Lebanon, however, has welcomed the army's show of strength. Said former prime minister Rashid Salim, the leader of the Sunni Muslims: "People here are relieved that all of their illegal arms are finally being taken away as well as those people who have been residing here illegally."

Gemayel's attempt to reconcile Christian and Muslim Lebanon was bolstered by the appointment of another Sunni, 50-year-old Shafik al-Wazir, as prime minister. Wazir was a key intermediary during Habib's August negotiations to arrange the July evacuation of Beirut. Moreover, Habib's recent withdrawal from Middle East capitals has apparently convinced

A Lebanese army soldier searching pedestrians: a welcome show of strength



Washington that a phased withdrawal of foreign armies—a prerequisite for restoration of Lebanese sovereignty—was an achieved goal. Now Israel has dropped a previous demand that 200 forces be removed before its pullback begins. The Syrian government now says simply that the last Israeli detachment will not leave until all 210 and Syrian troops have departed.

The Syrians, too, are anxious to avoid being identified as the obstacle to Lebanon's reconstruction. To that end, they have refused to negotiate for the estimated \$300 million guerrilla zone based near Tripoli, insisting that Washington deal directly with the Palestinians. But the Syrians have clearly signaled their readiness to negotiate and they will likely take the Palestinians with them. Even with its agreement, however, foreign influences over Lebanese affairs will likely continue—Syria in the north and east, Israel in the south. For its part, Geneva is anxious to win Arab aid in rebuilding her ruined cities and he will resist pressure to sign a peace treaty with Israel. Instead, the youthful Lebanese leader will offer Israel security guarantees against the possibility of renewed terrorist activity in the south. Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, in a tour of southern Lebanon last week, insisted that Israel would not relinquish its hold on the 40-km corridor between north of its border until it did just such an arrangement with the Lebanese government.

For Washington, the latest developments posed a major diplomatic challenge. This week, Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Mordechai will meet Reagan at the White House. He will be followed by Gen. and later by King Hassan II of Morocco and a delegation of Arab rulers, possibly including Syria's Hafez al-Assad, whose visit would be a groundbreaking event.

The Reagan administration wants to promote the resumption of Lebanon. But more important, it is also determined to advance the president's Middle East peace plan, unveiled last month. That is a formidable goal. Washington needs to see Jordan's King Hussein into the bargaining process, by the silence (if not the support) of rejectorist Arab rulers such as Syria, and at the same time keep the Israelis in line by subtle threatening delays or withdrawals in the 200-km zone that Damascus has just added. Meanwhile, the citizens of Beirut can only peek through the rubble and hope. But for the first time in months, there is at least a flickering chance that these hopes will not again be briefly misled.

—MICHAEL FORSTER in Washington, with Eric Silver in Jerusalem and Robin Wright in Beirut

SPAIN

Storm clouds over a vote



Socialist leader Gonzalez: military threats

After nearly half a century in the political wilderness, Spain's Socialists appear poised to return to power in general elections scheduled for Oct. 26. But the fragility of democracy in Spain and the difficult situation facing the Socialist Workers Party (PSOE) was underlined early this month with the arrest of three army colonels charged with plotting a coup for the day before the elections. The strongest military force divided civilian political parties, and Franco leader Felipe Gonzalez warned last week that there may be more attempts by the army to take power. And, while an episode not published at week's end indicated that 61 per cent of Spaniards believe Gonzalez would make the last peace move, overall support for the Socialists had dropped to 27 per cent from 34 per cent in mid-September.

The military clergy fears the Socialists, despite Gonzalez's efforts to prevent them, and his policies as moderate. The party has wooed the middle class by evicting all traces of Marxism from its manifesto and pursuing nationalistic plans to exclude only the electoral officials. Besides, a law self-proclaimed a pledge to hold a referendum on a withdrawal from NATO and dropped a threat to force the United States to

abandon its military bases in Spain. However, the move has returned its plans to re-examine a controversial \$1.8-billion purchase of 34 U.S. F-16 fighter jets.

The Socialist pre-election confidence arises primarily from their opponents' lack of cohesion. The Francoist extreme, the Democratic Centre Union's Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, has failed in his attempt to rebuild a party that is severely fractured by internal squabbling. For their part, the Conservatives have little hope of matching the 50 per cent of the vote they took in the last election, held in 1979. The right-wing Popular Alliance is expected to form the opposition party, drawing support from both neo-cons and traditional-minded clerics. Popular Alliance leader Manuel Fraga Iribarne has engaged in a series of tax cuts, "defense of the family" and law and order.

Whether facing the next government from the formidable task of combatting a 15-per-cent unemployment rate and a gender gap of social issues. To deal with these problems, the PSOE says that it will create 800,000 jobs over four years, improve welfare benefits, and hold down rent and price increases. But their promise to expand public schooling at the expense of the Catholic educational system and to impose abortion has earned the wrath of religious leaders. And Carmen Alvarez, secretary-general of the Catholic Parents Confederation, warns that the Socialists "will conflict with the majority of the Spanish people."

Still, it is the military, not Catholic leaders, that present the most serious threat to the Socialists. The Oct. 2 elections linked the army plot with Gen. Jaime Milans del Bosch, who is serving a 30-year sentence for his part in the dramatic February 1981 attempt to take over the Spanish parliament. The latest coup threat has given a new complexion to the election campaign, and critics claim that a lack of firmness by the Calvo Sotelo administration has played into extremists' hands. At week's end 42 per cent of voters were undecided. And that, perhaps, was an unwitting acknowledgment that the mandate for the Socialists' government will not be granted by the people but by the military.

—DAVID HARRIS in Madrid

THE UNITED STATES

Boarding up the import market

In the 1990s the erection of import barriers was a feature of world trade as familiar as hard times. In the postwar period the trend has been just the opposite: toward an easing of restrictions. But last week's request by a group of U.S. lumber producers for stiff duties on Canadian wood imports came in the middle of the darkest period suffered by the North American forest industry in half a century. And, if the latest petition is granted, it could virtually bankrupt much of the Canadian lumber industry.

The current problems arose largely because of the cheap Canadian dollar, which gives Canadians a competitive advantage abroad. With that edge, lumber companies in British Columbia and

U.S. lumbermen say government subsidies give Canadian lumber companies an unfair trade advantage

Sisters Canada were able to increase their share of the U.S. market for softwood lumber, shingles and plywood from 18.6 per cent in 1975 to 30.5 per cent last year. Canadian lumber has historically been competitive, in fact needed, in the U.S. market. But recently it has come as a shock to Canadian and U.S. lumber producers that Canadian have been able to undercut competition even deep in the U.S. South.

As a result, an ad hoc group called the United States Coalition for Fair Canadian Lumber Imports filed the petition for countervailing duties in Washington last week. The organization is made up primarily of small independent mills in the northwestern and southern states, joined by only two major producers—International Paper, which sold its Canadian subsidiary last year, and Louisiana Paper. The petition alleges that Canadian federal and provincial stumpage subsidies, grants, preferential financing, labor aid, transportation subsidies and tax breaks give Canadians an unfair trade advantage.

Some Canadian exporters anticipated the U.S. move. Don Lamont, president of the Council of Forest Industries of B.C., said Madden's last week that he was "rather surprised or surprised for the petition" but somewhat puzzled

by its allegations. "I don't know what they mean by preferential financing or labor aid," he said.

The U.S. International Trade Commission has 45 days to assess the merits of the petition. If it rules that the U.S. lumber industry is suffering because of the absence of a high duty, the petition is passed to the economic department. The department then has 15 weeks to determine whether or not the Canadian companies are being subsidized and can then impose an interim duty.

While the Canadian and U.S. lumber industries have both suffered severely

in the current recession, imposition of requested duty would be "catastrophic" for Canadian lumber companies," says Lamont. The industry exports 50 per cent to 80 per cent of its lumber to the United States.

If applied, the duties would almost double the price of lumber in the United States, but Lamont feels still another irony: 16 years ago the council was asked to assure the Americans that Canada would continue to supply their needs. Successors clearly mean short memories.

—MAC QUEEN in Toronto

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Polish churchgoers protest the day's bill to dissolve Solidarity; no need to march too far

POLAND

The death of Solidarity

As he was hurrying to a meeting of the underground wing of Poland's suspended Solidarity trade union last week, Wieslaw Pruszyński was arrested by state police. The 31-year-old key labor organizer had been on the run for months, helping to maintain the union's activities in the industrial city of Wrocław. One of the few Solidarity leaders to escape detention under martial law, the Hlasy Pruszyński told his captors, "Well, this is good to you." But for Warsaw officials Pruszyński's arrest was one of the final victories in a contest that they fully intended to win for good. Last Friday the Polish Sejm (parliament) passed a bill outlawing all existing unions, including Solidarity. The law is designed to guarantee that Poland never again returns to their bloody days of defiance before martial law was declared last December.

Anti-union trouble, anti-riot squads marched into Warsaw before the Friday session began. Water cannons were moved into position near key buildings, and troops were billeted in the city's hotels. But the military presence was light as compared to previous times of trouble. Officials hoped to make Solidarity's demise law-quiet.

There had been signs of potential trouble. Early last week Polish prime minister Józef Gierek decided to escort a visit to Rome, the United States and Canada out of fear that Solidarity's dissolution would rebound upon arrest. To signify his displeasure over the law, Gierek—whose criticism of martial law has sharpened in recent weeks—called off a midweek meeting with military

leader Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski.

Meanwhile, the 2000 secret police rounded up more underground organizers. By Friday more dissidents had been imprisoned, including members of Solidarity's weekly newspaper, *Trybuna Miesięczna*. Without the underground infrastructure to organize protests, police reasoned, Poland would be less likely to take to the streets. It seemed to work, as all major cities reported calm after the Sejm enacted its legislation.

Out of Solidarity's ashes the Warsaw government intends to build a new trade union movement in 1983. But, while the new law stipulates that the proposed union must be independent of state control, they will not escape the grasp of the Communist Party. Stated the official Warsaw daily *Zycie Warszawy*: "Partnership with the party—the leading force in the state—and trade unions is the best guarantee for respect of their independence."

Few of Solidarity's nine million co-members are expected to believe that. But, while demoralization from the West was swift—including President Ronald Reagan's decision to withdraw special trade concessions for Poland—ordinary Poles reacted faithfully. With 600 union organizers still languishing in detention camps and with no proof that an end to martial law is in sight, Poles have lost the leading force of their opposition. And, without broad popular support, any new union movement will amount to nothing more than a cardboard party puppet, forever perishing in the long shadow of Solidarity's memory. —PETER LEVIN in Warsaw.

THE UNITED STATES

Sour calculation for Republicans

The census itself was inconsequential: 65 Republican hopefuls for Congress assembled in the starry White House last night to hear Ronald Reagan's pre-election pep talk. But, midway through Reagan's peripatetic remarks, Gary Arnold, a maverick conservative candidate in California's 16th district, rose himself from from a friend's restraining grasp and rose to bellow at the president: "You have reversed yourself on Taiwan. The Soviets get the wheat and the Americans get the shaft. We have a Tylenol nation situation here, and Reaganism is sitting like the nation's body poison." When the stunned and angry president tried to defend his policies, Arnold cut him off again by challenging Reagan's conservatism. "I thought this was for Republican candidates," Reagan interjected. But when even bawler failed to silence his antagonist, a clearly exasperated president ordered Arnold to "shut up." Eventually, the candidate did, but not before informing the press that he was seeing the Reagan Party as an attempt to secure campaign funds denied him by party officials. Of his supporters, the self-appointed critic explained, "Somebody has to say that the emperor has no clothes."

The forty public display of presidential leader—the first since the 1960 campaign—underscored what has become a growing White House concern: that Reagan's program, particularly his economic policies, have left many GOP candidates vulnerable as they stand for votes in the Nov. 2 midterm elections. For Arnold, the main Solidarity was Reagan's breach with fiscal conservatism—specifically the three-year, 309-billion tax hike but, for dozens of other Republicans, the principal danger is the still stagnant U.S. economy. Factory orders declined in August to a two-year low. The nation's sluggish way industry recorded a 15.5-per-cent drop in new car sales for the 1982 model year—its worst performance in 32 years. But, the most damning statistic came from the Bureau of Labor last week: a September unemployment rate of 11.1 per cent, the highest level since 1943, when the United States was in its prewar Depression doldrums. Officially, more than 11 million Americans are now out of work.

Washington's response to this bleak report is a mix of blame and boost. Campaigning in Ohio and Nevada last week, Reagan continued to attribute economic woes to 40 years of

Democratic mismanagement—a tactic that conventionally overlooks the Republican administration of Eisenhower, Nixon and Ford. Sustained economic recovery, the president insisted, can only be achieved by "staying the course," refusing to succumb to quick fix temp tattoos. At the same time, Reagan seldom fails to cite his program's successes: the eight-point decline in short-term interest rates and the sharp drop in inflation. They are substantial achievements, but the price has been raised layoffs, bankruptcies and depression conditions in key industrial sectors.

The Republicans' central concern, as the nation heads down the electoral hamsterwheel, is how unemployment will register at the ballot box. Although no major changes are expected in the Republican-controlled Senate, the White House has conceded that the GOP might lose as many as 36 seats in the House of Representatives.



Reagan rebuking Arnold: a mixture of blame and boost dominates

Politics aside, there is genuine concern about the economy's continued morbidity and little agreement about what can be done to revive it. The administration still believes that there will be a "good recovery" this year, but most economic prophets disagree. In fact, according to Lester Thurow of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, there is no recovery in sight. "This is a

prediction last week drove Wall Street into an unprecedented buying frenzy (page 36). Easier credit, the money managers reason, will bring interest rates down and hasten the economy's revival. For now, at least, Wall Street's swooping bids do not seem to care whether the emperor has clothes or not.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington.



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GLENN GOULD, 1932-1982

By Mark Czarnecki

The pianist braced over the keyboard, cuffing the essence from Bach's Goldberg Variations. His body never stopped its ecstatic dance as he faithfully executed the composer's will. When one hand had no part to play, it conducted the other with ravenous flourish. Woven into the rich counterpoint was the sound of the pianist humming. When he finished, he bowed his head and folded his hands in reverence. The last videotape of Glenn Gould, made during a recording session of the

Variations and televised last week by the CBC, came to an end. It was a fitting tribute to the memory and to the profoundly innovative work of the great musician, who died last week at the age of 50.

The tragic timeline of Gould's death would fill several pages. With a family history of high blood pressure, Gould had been obsessed with physical health, even to the point of avoiding people with colds. Still, he was the victim in his prime of a massive stroke that killed him after life-support systems failed. Moreover, in this last televised session, he was rerecording the first work he made with Columbia Records (now CBS). Gould has close friend, film producer John McMelevy: "He had a passion for structure, and it is rather poetic that he died at full sail. With the release of the new Variations, he supplied his life with the perfect bequest."

But Gould's death also came at the dawn of a new era. The last audio tape he recorded, which has not yet been released to the public, confirms rumors that he was shifting gears from recording pianist to conductor. The tape is a transcription of Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* for chamber orchestra, with Gould conducting. Although it is not yet clear whether it will be released as a record, a private hearing indicates clearly that Gould's brilliantly insightful and surprisingly romantic interpretation stands as a landmark performance of Wagner's music.

Gould's recording output over the years was phenomenal: more than 100 discs, with total sales topping 1,250,000



Barenboim, Gould and Igor Stravinsky (1964): music exists perfectly in the mind



Gould's 1979 Toronto (above) and recording in 1955: aeromating polar bears



COVER

since 1950 when the first version of the *Variations* appeared. That record even outsold *The Pigeon Song* in its heyday and is still popular, having recently peaked the 100,000-copy mark. But Gould's legacy goes well beyond his library of recordings. He also put together three radio documentaries and played a prominent role in more than a dozen CBC TV documentaries, such as *Manhattan and Me* in *Our Time*. He wrote more than 40 magazine articles, and his record liner notes were legendary. Also, in addition to a string quartet, he composed some of the music for three movies, including *Schindler's List* and the yet to be released *Candide* film *The Woe*.

Throughout his career, he maintained an extraordinary level of musicianship, and, as his death, tributes flowed from his colleagues around the world. In *Genius*, pianist Arthur Schnabel said straightforwardly, "He was a very great musician, and his death is a great loss to the musical world." At the same time, the lives of great artists are often as legendary as their work, masterpieces in their own right, and Gould was no exception. Vladimir Yehudi Menuhin, like Gould a child prodigy, eulogized him, saying "When a man is as great as that, it influences the world in a way that has beyond the ordinary mortal. Gould added another dimension to our existence."

Much has been made of Gould's supposed aloofness, but Menuhin speaks for legions of friends in calling him "a very tender and easy person to communicate with." And, for all his reputed reserve, Gould was not as remote as he seems. In fact, few musicians of his stature engage so eagerly in the world around them. In a famous sequence from the television documentary *Three Goulds* Toronto, produced by his friend McGreevy, Gould is up at dawn recording polar bears at the zoo with Nighthoot songs.

The title "genius" is often used loosely to describe the exceptionally talented, but Gould was a genius in a more farmed sense. Like Mozart and Beethoven, he seemed to perceive the world in the light of an inner vision complete in itself. Gould's music was composed of pure music, but his joy in it was qualified by the feeling that a piece of music wasn't perfectly in the state, and always imperfectly what it is actually played. The effect, he felt, was worthwhile, however. "The purpose of art," he wrote in 1965, "is the gradual lifting of consciousness of a state of wonder and security that exists in the mind, and always allows that state, and Gould's need to withdraw was constant. His intensely spiritual nature made him uncomfortable with, and even fearful of, his phys-

ical body, so that he appeared more distant than he really was.

Not all geniuses receive the sensitive, sensible care that Gould experienced as a child growing up in the Beaches area of east Toronto. His poor health made him crassly dependent on his mother, Florence, a distant relative of the Norwegian composer Edward Grieg. When Gould's perfect pitch became evident at the age of 3, she began to teach him piano and did not expose him to official instruction and schooling until he was 15. Each year his father, Russell, an amateur violinist, had Gould's piano



Working hard in 1957, 'a prodigy'.

transported to their summer cottage on Lake Simcoe, 145 km north of the city, three weeks again in the fall so it would not be damaged by the winter cold.

Since Gould always sat much lower than other pianists, his father also constructed a piano chair to his son's specifications. The chopped-down chair was to become his trademark, since he used it—battered and patched with adhesive tape though it was—while touring as a concert pianist and in the recording studio. Gould's chair became so well known, in fact, that the Steinway Institute in Washington wanted to build a replica of it. In the end, Steinway's record producers, however, the chair's spindles, along with Gould's hair, were saddle on tape. Finally, they offered to construct a replica with

built-in swivelity—but without the spindle.

Once his parents had introduced him into the world of music, Gould's rise to the top was meteoric. He played a Beethoven concerto with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at 18 and gave his first radio recital on the CBC at 18. He was also the first pianist to appear on CBC television, when he was 20. After the 1965 release of the *Goldberg Variations*, a flamboyant concert career took him around the world; he was the first North American ever to play in the Soviet Union, and has recently continued to sell well there. His unusual stage presence and revolutionary interpretations of the classics fuelled his growing fame. But his colleagues were not always as friendly as suggested. In 1960 conductor Leonard Bernstein prefaced a Gould performance of the *Bruch's D Minor Concerto* with the New York Philharmonic by informing the audience that he dissociated himself from Gould's interpretation.

Stories about Gould's lifestyle at that time abound, many apocryphal but enough of them true to justify labeling him a genuine eccentric. He did soak his hands in warm water or hold them under a heater before performing, he did wear costumes, rather overdone and stiff gloves in summer. Heavy media exposure made the headlined-up Gould humping away from CBC headquarters a familiar figure. Despite his concerns about his health, his diet, missing largely of content and milk shakes, would have made whole-earthers blanch. "I never eat greens," he boasted. "Greens are disgusting." He liked driving at high speeds, whether it was the family boat in the lake or the *Lexus Continental* which he bought as his concert career began to flourish and which he used to park far from the curb when he arrived for lunch at Toronto's posh *Ilse's Place* hotel.

Far more sporting than those claims to traditionalists was his maddening passion for 20th-century music, especially the works of Arnold Schoenberg. At the *Scarboro Music Festival*, which he conducted for several years in the 1960s, he promoted modern music as well as the careers of many musicians, including contralto Neelken Forrester. Gould accompanied her during her first concert in 1964, and one of the *Flash* series she sang then was on her program for the commercial service for Gould in Toronto this week.

When future music historians look back on the 20th century, 1965 might well be seen as a major turning point. This was the year that Gould, after taking the unprecedented step of abandoning his successful concert career, stating that he felt "damaged, like a violinist," resigned. The possi-

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First principles and second chances

Glenn Gould was a unique, maverick genius. His break with the concert stage and his perfectionist quest for musical integrity in the recording studio challenged and, in some cases, ennobled his contemporaries. The best of his hermetically sealed, airtight recordings will constitute one of our age's finer spiritual legacies. And his thoughts on art and technology may well have a lasting effect on music in the coming century of the machine-as-servant environment.

For the moment, though, Gould's propensities may seem to be in nature, the wish fulfillments of a recluse, obsessive, puritanical spirit. He predicted that the concert would be dead by the year 2000 and be scored. Audiences figures have soared, and magnificent concert halls such as Toronto's Roy Thomson Hall continue to be built. Artists thrive on competitiveness, crave superior packaging, and still want to seduce and conquer an audience, spectators want the glamour of a Pavarotti, the visceral thrill of live performances, the high-wire act before their very eyes—everything Gould abhorred.

Gould's rejection of the concert platform stemmed even more from his sense of the total inadequacy of one-shot, no-second-chance performances. His goal was the faithful realization of a particular interpretation, coupled with unobscurable technical mastery. To that end, he logically resorted to the recording studio. Revivitate what was through several drafts, hone every paragraph, and then tangle further revisions with an editor, could understand. So could filmmakers who shoot scenes in any order, film additional scenes in the light of what is "up the man." This turn to a battery of editing and postproduction techniques. With the aid of multiple "takes," a splicing machine and countless other gizmos, Gould pieced together seamless, coherent performances. "Once I had secured what you could do with electronic media," he said, "I seemed utterly irrelevant to compete with that."

In time, Gould went to ever more heretical extremes: altering the sound of a piano used in one movement to make it resemble another piano used for the other three, applying the tapes of two different players to create a melodic phrasing in the daughterly Adagio. The re-creation from concertos did not damage

whatsoever to Gould's playing—it only denied his income. The recording environment helped him transcend the physical activity of his hands, allowing him to concentrate solely on the plastic form, the musical ideal itself, for which his word was "eternity."

No performer followed Gould in his rigorous pursuit of musical purity. For one thing, Gould the reclusive, lover of Bach and Schoenberg, never made enough allowance for the immense popularity of 19th-century violin-

ist, not art. But he also says, "I love public performance. People give off a chemistry." When recording "I like one shot. I have never been interested in ensembles." Halifax concert pianist William Trist, 30, goes further: "Live performance with risks is by far the most exciting and usually the most interesting. The exhilaration of performance, its emotional impact, is what brought most of us into it." The recording studio makes him feel "stifled and noncommittal," and he feels Gould's severely intellectual approach chilling.

Yet Gould's vast network of admirers had little difficulty participating in the "intimate communion" Gould wanted to establish with them. Music involves cerebral and contemplative responses to sound. Today, a listener can create a counterpart to Gould's womb-like studio—an aural and physical cushion encouraging maximum receptiveness without distraction, while curled up at home with the most advanced technology, perhaps actively "interpreting" by frequently altering the controls. "Displeased for me," said Gould, "relates in direct proportion to the creative isolation that I sense." Although more classical music lovers are going to concerts, many others feel no need for live music. They either share Gould's distaste or live too far from concert halls with standards to match their tastes.

So who will carry Gould's torch? Interpretatively, no one. Gould communicated on his own terms, frequently eccentric, frequently daunting. Though his posthumous Bach revolutionized attitudes, his playing was too idiosyncratic for emulation. In other words, though, the answer is "the recording industry," which now seems to concentrate far less on "translating the concert hall" and more on recording methods. Also carrying the torch are synthesizer musicians such as Wendy (née Walter) Carter, whose Switched-on Bach so intrigued and excited Gould. But there is no question that disciples will arise among strictly classical performers, once the rewards for Gould, and for us, were as phenomenal. "My time will come," said Mahler, knowing that it might take 30 years. While his performances were recognized in his own time, Gould, too, laid claim to the future with his ideas. That time is still to come.

—JOHN PRINCE



Recording the Goldberg (1961) by Jacques Leca

tato also played by Chopin and Tchaikovsky. For another, he had no need to prove himself with softness and aplomb. "Gould was so secure in his ability, just as he was so sure in his musical convictions," says Samuel Carter, Gould's expounder for several recordings. "He wasn't so needy."

The confinement of concerts also keeps pianists performing. Reginald Gooden, at 77 the dean of Canadian pianists, stands as one of his former students. Gould, calling him "an absolutely free spirit, one of the most illuminating forces in the 20th century." Gooden became the concert circuit's recreation of one-eight stands and explains that the public regards music as entertain-

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Attacking enemies, losing old friends



Shultz (left) and Genscher; Kohl (below), the trade sanctions strategy backfire

By James Piering

The deep split between Washington and its European allies over the embargo on U.S. technology for the trans-Siberian pipeline widened sharply last week. Even as negotiators sought a resolution in New York and Paris, the Reagan administration brightened the outlook by slapping sanctions on two West German firms for violating the embargo. That made West Germany the fourth major ally to have its companies punished for defying the U.S. stance. Already, French, British and Italian firms have felt the sting of U.S. retaliation, and the position of the latest targets was equally hostile.

President Ronald Reagan's move against the two German firms—GmbH Technische Anlagenbau and Maschinenbau Anlagenbau—also took place on Tuesday, after a brief, fiery, burning war-burner designed by the companies set off for the Soviet Union. But if Washington was trying to whip its allies into line with the action, the strategy backfired. The timing of the announcement had been delayed to help U.S. Secretary of

State George Shultz avoid an angry confrontation during his Luxembourg meeting with NATO foreign ministers the previous weekend. Still, last week's news came as Shultz was meeting in New York with West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher. Shultz has been privately working toward an accommodation with the Europeans. But, in New York, there was no sign of agreement. At a breakfast dinner with Genscher, Shultz was informed that the new government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl would continue its predecessor's policy of defying the U.S.

U.S. negotiators met with similar official obstinance in Paris during a highly acrimonious meeting of COMECOM, NATO's co-ordinating committee for exports to Communist nations. The mood at the session, where the United States was pushing the maximum to add roughly 100 items to the list of prohibited exports to the East, was chilly to begin with. But it turned decidedly icy following the extension of the U.S. measures to the West German firms. A French official said that the Germans were willing to

tighten the export list in a number of cases in which Moscow had turned Western technology to military use. But he added that these items—including microchips and some types of semiconductors—formed only a small percentage of the list submitted by Washington. Europe, he said, would be unlikely to agree to further increases. A number of European officials in Paris expressed surprise over what they saw as Washington's effort to transfer COMECOM—a technical agency set up in 1949 simply to monitor and control trade with the East—into a sanctions organization with ideological overtones.

The Europeans repeatedly pointed out to the U.S. delegation that ending back trade with the East should be handled at the government, rather than the COMECOM, level. In reply, the Americans argued that it was not trade as such that they wished to stop but the leakage of advanced Western technology which enabled Moscow to make huge strides in military research. Washington had hoped that an agreement could be hammered out within six months. But it now appears that COMECOM will take a full year to carry out a technical review of each of the items on the list.

In the meantime, Washington has more than a group of transient allies to bring into line with its trade stance. Around Moscow, chairman of the U.S. Federal Petroleum and the dozen of U.S. Soviet trade, made it clear last week just how eager some businessmen—even Americans—are to get on with East-West business as usual. After returning from Moscow, where he and two associates from Shell Corp. met with Soviet officials, Hanser announced that Soviet foreign trade officials were "interested" in a proposed multimillion-dollar pipeline to carry liquefied coal from Siberia, across the Urals to Moscow. For their part, U.S. trade officials immediately warned that they would quash the deal—even if the cash-poor Soviets could find a way to pay for it.

The angry White House reaction revealed just how adamant the president is that trade sanctions against Moscow be enforced to punish it for its role in the Polish military crackdown. Just how effective the sanctions are, however, remains in doubt. Last week the Polish parliament formally dissolved the free trade union Solidarity.

With Leonard Wolf in New York City and Peter Leroy in Brussels.

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Goldfinger's fall from Lloyd's

They asked him Goldfinger because it seemed that almost everything he touched turned to money. His average earnings of about \$1 million a year made him the third-highest-paid man in Britain, and his flamboyant, risk-taking style earned him a mixture of dislike, awe and admiration from the respected members of Lloyd's of London, the world's best-known insurance market. But when Ian Pogue's career as Lloyd's star underwriting agent collapsed last month, few mourned the fall, and many said—with ill-disguised glee—placidity—that they had never missed it.

For his part, the 50-year-old Pogue, a member of Lloyd's ancient governing



committee and a man who frequently challenged old, established City of London ways, was initially ambushed. "I will live off my wife," he said, while Lloyd's suspected his lucrative marine underwriting business. "She is a member of Lloyd's and is very rich and can keep me in the style in which I am accustomed." But the sudden losses of fraud and financial scandal were of much more concern to many of the big names in British society. With their wealth underpinning Lloyd's business, some of them face the threat of personal financial collapse.

At the root of the scandal is \$66 million, believed to have been misappropriated, channelled through a Panamanian company, and then converted into shares in a Swiss bank, a villa, paintings and other enterprises. The affair, in turn, has joined Lloyd's to its suspect foundations. Pogue's suspension marked the first time in the firm's 200-year history that such action has been taken. From its origins as an informal gathering of brokers at a coffee

house (whose name the organization eventually adopted as its own), Lloyd's grew to become as much as four-fifths of its estimated \$6-billion annual turnover from overseas—one-third from the United States alone. Currently, Lloyd's is made up of some 300 individual underwriting agents, such as Pogue, who act on behalf of about 25,000 members, or "names," who are joined into syndicates in which each of them has invested at least \$10,000 to finance underwriting risks. To join a syndicate, each "name" must satisfy Lloyd's membership rules. If not, infrequently, the personal wealth of as little as \$500,000 is required, such details make huge profits from Lloyd's worldwide insurance and

hedden directors on the evidence that \$66 million of Howden's funds had been siphoned into Lockman's and Panamanian-based companies. What is more, a S.A. also claimed that part of the money was used by Pogue and the four Howden directors to purchase a "substantial interest" in the Swiss-registered Banque de l'Inde et de la Tunisie. The U.S. firm has since started High Court proceedings for the return of those assets and for damages. Meanwhile, in Britain, the trade department launched its own investigation and asked for help from the City of London (read on).

The full details of the tangled web are still obscure, but it appears that the scheme revolved around a manipulation of reinsurance, the method by which Lloyd's syndicates spread their risks by



taking out insurance with independent companies in order to divert money from Howden. It seems that reinsurance policies were written with two companies that, Alexander & Alexander charges, were secretly owned by the four former Howden directors. These firms, while accepting the premiums, in turn assumed little or no insurance risk. Indeed, one of them—Panama-based Southern International Insurance Co. S.A.—in an art even loaned to couple in residence. As well, it seems there was a third company—also based in Panama—owned by the four directors, plus Pogue, that completed the plan. A S.A. charges that the first two companies pumped about \$6.6 million of the reinsurance premiums into New Southern Insurance Co. S.A., which said these funds were eventually used to buy the Swiss bank's shares.

Of the questions that remain, the one that looms largest is why it was not discovered earlier. Not only had Howden's usual auditors not discovered the scheme since its beginnings seven years ago, but

it also eased the notion of the accountants who looked at the company during the S.A. purchase. Perhaps the answer is Howden's structure: the firm is a grouping of about 200 companies engaged in a very complex business.

Pogue now is fighting back with relish, but the response of the four former directors has been quite different. In August Gorb and the other directors tried to work out an amicable deal. That brought into the already complex matter Gorb's pink-sailed 17.5-masted Rivers villa, paintings by Rodin and Picasso worth \$304,000 and numerous other works of art, cash and assets. The directors agreed to hand over all of that and tell their whole story in exchange for a seven-year and unusually final civil legal proceedings. But that plan, too, was to run into problems. In its investigation, a S.A. discovered that the house was actually owned by a Lockman's company and that French government tax officials would take half the proceeds if it were sold. At the same time, the company was apparently misled on the ownership and value of the artwork in the deal collapsed. Nevertheless, a S.A. now had in its hands full statements from the directors outlining their involvement in the scheme. Pogue denies any knowledge of, or interest in, the Panamanian company and he says that his shares in the Banque de l'Inde were financed by loans from that bank. In declaring his innocence, Pogue said, "I have been stilled in the back." A man who once boasted he carried everything he needed in his pockets, he presents a challenge to the investigators at his old tie to the scene in his elegant manor house at Hestley-on-Thames.

Members of his syndicate, however, are having a more uncomfortable time. These include such well-known British names as the Earl of Innes, chairman of the T & A Shipping Line, Lord (Rex) Varley, the immensely wealthy meat-packing bar, tennis star Virginia Wade, and champion jockey Lester Piggott. From past experience it seems unlikely that syndicate members will have to foot the whole bill for the diverted funds. An earlier case involving suspect fee-risk insurance in the Bronx produced \$40 of \$100 in claims, but this was reduced in the end to some \$11 million.

Of more immediate concern to Lloyd's and its chairman, Sir Peter Green, is the very real threat that if the hallowed institution cannot deal convincingly with abuses within its own ranks, it will be forced by Parliament to submit to an investigation by a royal commission. That, in the end, could have a swift and irrevocable effect on the worldwide reputation that Lloyd's has painstakingly built over the centuries.

—CAROL KROENKE in London



Jack Daniel's Distillery. Barrel in background. Photo by the United States Government.

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Easing the interest-rate pain

At least for the diminishing number of Canadians still lucky enough to have a job, the financial news last week carried the promise of Indian summer. There was a sharp and welcome fall in interest rates, which cut the cost of mortgages, consumer loans and business debt. And, partly as a consequence, prices were surging on the New York and Toronto stock exchanges as investors converted their cash and bonds into equity shares. Still, there was a grim chill in the latest unemployment figures, which portend a miserable winter for millions across the country.

Statistics Canada reported that 1,265,000 people were officially unemployed in September, fully 81 per cent more than a year ago. Seasonally adjusted, the jobless rate was 12.2 per cent of the labour force—the same as in August and that, post-Depression records did not include perhaps the saddest statistic—those who have given up finding jobs and dropped out of the labour market altogether. Perhaps even more telling, the number of employed has fallen in the past year—down 4.4 per cent since September, 1981, to 10,540,000. The economy now is not merely failing to keep pace with the demand for jobs, it is actually contracting. As for 1983, the Conference Board of Canada predicts that economic growth will be barely perceptible. It forecasts that unemployment next year will average 13 per cent.

Against such bleak prospects, the new interest rates blew north across the winter like a warm breeze. They began with reports that the U.S. Federal Reserve Board would permit the U.S. money supply to expand beyond the board's tight targets, at least temporarily. Combined with the recession-weakened demand for loans, the effort was to drive down the prime lending rate that U.S. banks charge preferred corporate customers. At 13 per cent, the U.S. prime is now at its lowest in two years.

The impact on Canadian rates was immediate. The Bank of Canada cut its bank rate by nearly half a percentage point to 12.56 per cent. It was the seventh straight week for a cut in the trend-setting bank rate, and the shattered banks got the message. Within a

day they chopped their own prime rate half a point to 14.5 per cent. Meanwhile, mortgage rates were also coming down again as a result of the demand and the plentiful supplies of available mortgage money.

Whether cheaper mortgages will boost the construction industry remains to be seen, but the housing business needs all the good news it can get. The government reported last week that housing starts in September fell to an annual rate of 80,000—the lowest rate in 32 years.

Punctuating the drop in interest rates was the setting of the 1982 Canada Savings Bond rate at 13 per cent, far below the 19.6 per cent attached to ones last year. The finance department was widely criticized last fall for setting its bond rate far too high compared to other competing savings rates. This time it waited an extra month before fixing the rate, in order to catch the market trend more accurately. Officials point out that the CDSB, on sale Oct. 25, will still earn two percentage points more interest than a typical savings account—all amounts greater than the half-percentage point traditionally given to the savings lenders to lure buyers.

The most spectacular of all reactions to the interest rate news was seen on the stock exchanges. On the New York board last Thursday, volume hit a record 347 million shares—nearly 30 million more than the last one-day record, set Aug. 26. On the same day, the Toronto exchange ran up its second-best gain of the year. In a frazzled two days of trading, roughly \$5.12 billion was added to the value of 795 shares, for a total of \$11.1 billion. By the time the computers cooled down Friday night, the TSX composite index stood at 1897.85, its highest since Feb. 5.

For all the fireworks, however, lenders were clearly more impressed by lower interest rates than by any good news from the companies they were buying. At the same time that stock prices were rising, Statistics Canada was confirming that profits and sales were still in a virtual state of hibernation. With consumer spending remaining stagnant, that bad news is certain to darken the picture at least for the remainder of the year.

—JOHN HAY in Ottawa

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A fair more than seven years in the business, Christie Brinkley says she needs a rest. Yet one of the world's most photographed people shows no signs of slowing down. In the past two weeks, for instance, she and her *Waves* hosted a bash thrown by New York's Ford Agency to welcome to the "Vase of the '80s" (a 27-year-old from Newark, *Revue* star) who attracted the crowds I wrote there she flew to Los Angeles for a few assignments. That she went back to New York to throw a surprise birthday party for her boyfriend, champagne.



An original 500-lb. gorilla: Brinkley is going wherever she likes

boss, Ontario's intergovernmental affairs minister, Thomas Wells, says "I'm not surprised that people have raised the question. It was something she entered into before she took up employment with us." Adds Wells: "I don't see anything wrong with it." Contacted by

Stark: "I want to do something wrong?"

When Weston Hotels signed Adrienne Clarkson last January to appear in one of their phony magazine ads, the company's chief point was to capitalize on one of the most familiar faces on Canadian television without having to pin a label on it. But the hotel chain got more than it bargained for when Clarkson resigned from her debut spot on CBC's newest afternoon program the 5/16 estate and went to work for the Ontario government last May. As its assistant general in Paris, Clarkson's duties are to promote the province's cultural and trade interests. A number of taxpayers have already inquired as to why she is also promoting Weston Hotels. Clarkson's



price in the Palladium and rumors of marital discord between *Princess Anne* and *Mark Phillips* have kept England's most romance-proof industry humming. But last week the prince and the princess rocked the royal boat. *Prince Andrew*, already noted for his penchant for pederasty, engaged in a Caribbean retreat with his 21-year-old actress wife, *Molly Stark*, 21, an American-born actress whose modest career in date embrace *con-jugal* films and such memorable lines as, "I want to do something wrong." That is precisely what *Fast Forward* decided the couple was doing after they made surprise appearances as "Mr and Mrs Cambridge" and flew off to a resort in isolated Montserrat, an all but known as the venue for *Princess Margaret's* rendezvous with *Rudolf Hoesly*. The pulp press was ablaze with Randy headlines, speculation informed mainly by nude photos of Stark, and even a predictable personal defense: "She's a great little actress, a fit partner for a prince," proclaimed *John Wilson*, a film producer. *ANDREW* ORDERED HOME, *QUEEN'S CHAMBERLAIN*, blamed the front page. The report went, like *Mark*, seemingly without incident. As the royal spouses in Montserrat continued, air service to the island was suspended and hotels suddenly refused reservations. It was the kind of isolation fit a prince—and probably what *Andrew* had in mind all along.

—EDITED BY BARBARA BRIGHTON

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Finishing third in a small pond

By Matthew Fisher

Predictably, Prince Philip called them the Friendly Games, but they did not always live up to the motto. A State of Queensland police force, reminiscent of Mississippi troops in the 1950s, arrested spectators during peaceful demonstrations over land rights inside Brisbane's Queen Elizabeth II Stadium and at other venues for the 111 Commonwealth Games, there was no more considerable. A runner from the Cayman Islands was shoved into the infield by local competitors during the 2000-m race when he would not yield to the others lapped him twice.



Ottawa jumping for gold: punched, kicked others and a world record

sports, particularly in our very best sport, swimming."

Hoffman and many of the Canadian coaches felt one reason for the shattering slide on international sport was Canada's boycott of the 1980 Olympics in Moscow. "What we missed," says Hoffman, "was the quadrennial shake-up. That will occur now."

The outcome for Canada fell short of disaster. The only Games world record was set by swimmer Alex (Rabe) Beauman of Sudbury, Ont., who knotted more than half a second off his own record in the 500-m individual medley. Two Canadian fighters with professional potential, Shawn O'Sullivan of Toronto and Willie Smith of Grande Prairie, Alta., won their gold-medal matches with demoralizing knockout punches.

Mark McKel, a 113-m hurdler from Toronto, via Jamaica, set a new Commonwealth record, an old double-gold medalist Angela Taylor. The Toronto sprinter was the 100-m event in 11 seconds flat. Then, in the last race of the Games, Taylor broke Australia's golden girl, Rachele Baric, in the 400-m relay.

Throughout the competition Canadian and Australian swimmers took to singing the Mickey Mouse theme at each other and juvenile claims about medal performance. The Aussies came closest to their boast, with 11 firsts to none for Canada.

Next summer Canada will prepare for the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles by sailing large teams to two competitions—the Pan-American Games in Caracas, Venezuela, and the World Student Games in Edmonton. Both gatherings will provide higher standards than the so-called Friendly Games, and Canada cannot hope even to match the performance in Brisbane.

"Without being too pessimistic," says Hoffman, "if we are able to crack the top 10 in Los Angeles, we would be doing very well. However, there are only 22 months until the Olympics. We need to start using a good hard look now at where we want to be in 1988 and 1989"—presumably during friendly rivals. ☐

Two other gold medalists, Johannes Palander of Quebec City and Glen Backhouse of Vancouver, battled too of the best in the world to win the women's doubles badminton competition.

Canadian wrestlers won five of the 10 weight classes and were medalists in four of the five others. World-class high jumper Mike Otley of Toronto and Debbie Brill of Midway, B.C., faced greater opposition than expected but triumphed. —*Gregory Shaw-pattar* *Bronze Paroleto from Sept. 8th, Que., arrived from his coaching job in Tennessee only 48 hours before his event. But he too went out as a convincing winner.*



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Edmonton Games - 1978

	GOLD	SILVER	Bronze	TOTAL
CANADA	43	31	33	107
ENGLAND	37	28	29	94
AUSTRALIA	24	33	27	84
NEW ZEALAND	5	7	6	18

Brisbane Games - 1982

	GOLD	SILVER	Bronze	TOTAL
AUSTRALIA	29	29	29	87
ENGLAND	28	24	32	84
CANADA	26	33	33	92
SCOTLAND	8	9	12	29
NEW ZEALAND	5	8	13	26



Slugging toward South Col and (opposite) Sherket, the mountaineers held its breath, and the team used a six-day window

ADVENTURE

Triumph at last at the top of the world

By Thomas Hopkins

When Canadian Everest expedition leader Bill March climbed down for the last time from the Khumbu Icefall, a horrific, shattered expanse of ice that had previously claimed the lives of four members of his team, he took a can of beer, offered by deputy leader Lloyd Gillingham, and had a good cry. The first Canadian expedition to Everest had begun in tragedy and turmoil but ended last week in a swirl of guts and teamwork that placed two Canadian climbers, Calgary's Laurie Sherket and Patrick Morrow of Kimberley, B.C., along with four Sherpa guides, on the 8,848-m summit of the world's highest peak.

The rain of relief that washed over March was luminous. His leadership of the million-dollar expedition had been under a cloud since early September, when three Sherpa climbers and Vancouver businessman Blair Griffiths were killed in separate accidents in the Khumbu Icefall. The deaths and countless conditions on the mountain led to a subsequent decision by six of the team's 15 climbers to abandon the climb, a move that almost ended it. But, after the fierce early storms, the mountain

held its breath, and the dazed team used a six-day window of good weather to push two teams of three to the summit, up the route pioneered during the first ascent in 1953 by Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay.

Early in the week, Sherket, 32, was given the signal by March to push up to the saddle between Everest and her sister peak, Lhotse, the South Col, and make a one-day dash up the ridge to the battered survey tripod on the summit. At 4 a.m. the craggy-faced Sherket, joined by two Sherpas, Sangtze

cylinder, graced with a happy face and, according to Sherket, "an Air Canada, quasi-Canadian flag symbol" (The Canadian flag that was supposed to have gone to the top was left behind in a pack that had been abandoned by an exhausted climber.)

Two days later, Morrow, 38, joined veteran climber Al Borgeas, from Vancouver, Alta., on the South Col, along with Sherpas Lhakpa Tenzing and Dorje Dorje. Shortly after the quartet set off from the South Col, Borgeas' oxygen apparatus began to freeze up, and, several hundred metres from the top, bitterly disappointed, he was forced to turn back. His three companions reached the top in just six hours and left quietly after planting a Kit Kat chocolate bar in the snow to mark their success.

For those who hope the climb will introduce mountaineering to Canadians and ease the way for younger climbers to get into

Morrow: a Kit Kat marker



the Himalayas, the sport could not have found itself a better ambassador than Sherket. Personable and articulate, he ran off to sea at the age of 16 and later flirted with the life of a missionary soldier. But the discovery of an axe ice at Crown Point in Calgary in the mid-1970s led him to climbing, and he pursued some of the most thrilling first ascents of frozen waterfalls in the Rockies. Morrow, whose photographs have appeared in *Mountain*, *Norwest* and *Exposure*, was a sleeper whom few picked to get to the summit. Sherpa guides generally waited to be shot five miles of him on the summit.

Those photographs will be needed because, to the delight of some mountain purists, Everest conspired to silence or sabotage most of the electronic gadgetry that was supposed to deliver the climb into Canadian living rooms. Despite heroic efforts by Teleglobe Canada and Toronto's AdverTel Ltd., which established a three-station microwave relay system on mountainsides between Everest and Kathmandu, the system had little non-Kathmandu material to transmit by satellite back to Canada. A 12,000-mn lens, trained on Everest from 24 km away, was jostled by cloud and electric generator failure. A Polaroid airplane that attempted to deliver live television pictures dived too late for one attempt, too early for the second. And, finally, small television cameras, taken to the top by climbers to record the event, froze beyond use. What news that did come to Canada, however, were startling and eloquent images of knife-edge ridges and graceful wavelike snow formations. One shot, which showed a grey filament of footprints in the vast shoulder of snow, graphically identified the solitude of the Canadian attack.

Most team members are expected back in Kathmandu this week and most will return immediately to Canada. But March, it cannot be soon enough. Shortly after seeing the last of his climbers come safely off the Khumbu Icefall and dip into celebratory bottles of rye late last week, he slumped down on the rock tent. "I have been offing on the edge of a razor for the past month," he said wearily. "All my past climbing has been with my own life. On this, I have been responsible for a lot of people's lives. It is the hardest thing I have done in my life."

But even as the grim tension of the climb faded, the potent wilderness tonic of home took its place. After arriving at base camp, Morrow rummaged in his backpack and emerged wearing his newly appropriate T-shirt, which read, "I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HIGH. EVER."

With Graham Lapsley in Calgary and Calgary Herald reporter Bruce Patterson in Everest base camp.

When the conservation CHIPs are down



Insulating with fiberglass, the fraud that may be hidden in the attic (Cole below)

The beleaguered Canadian Home Insulation Program (CHIP), which first came under attack in 1986 when it was charged that government officials had ignored reports about the dangers of urea-formaldehyde foam, is in trouble again. Evidence that the government has failed to correct abuse of CHIP's subsidy formula has now come to light with claims that unscrupulous contractors and landlords are jointly defrauding the program. Over the past three years Winnipeg businessman

Wayne Cole, president of Ener-Corp Management Ltd., a consulting and auditing firm, has run an exhaustive investigative campaign. Early last month Cole, who sits on the Manitoba Energy Council and the Implementation Advisory Board of the Canadian General Standards Board, placed a full-page ad in the *Winnipeg Sun* under the headline ANKLE OF THE PROSPER CRIME, which alleged that ripoffs have ravaged mammoth properties. CHIP officials are now acknowledging that loopholes in the funding and inspection procedures have been exploited by wily rip-off artists. But, according to the department of energy, mines and resources, which administers the program, so important changes are expected sooner than early 1990. As new homeowners rush to buffer their dwellings against what is predicted to be one of the worst winters in history, the prospect of shady schemes and often shoddy workmanship undermines Cole and other



slush domestic space-heating costs by 30 per cent. Since then, the program, which pays individual homeowners as much as \$500 toward insulation, has already cost \$447 million. Of that, Cole claims that at least \$30 million has so far found its way into the pockets of opportunistic contractors, often working in tandem with apartment block landlords, property managers or individual homeowners.

The scam involved a deft juggling of invoices by contractors. CHIP, for example, will pay as much as \$150 per square foot in a block of six or more for insulation materials such as fiberglass, cellulosic, vermiculite and styrofoam board, plus 85 per cent of labor costs, to as much as \$40. But some contractors have made it possible for landlords to claim for the whole job from CHIP by inflating the estimate and claiming for labor and material costs far beyond what they actually supplied. "It's true that all contractors still right up to the maximum allowable CHIP grant and then he abuses it," confirms Keith Crowther, co-director of CHIP for Manitoba. "On paper the breakdown of labor and material costs looks good, but we know some landlords aren't being charged their share."

In Burlington, Ont., Bob Vastly, president of P.Q.V. Remodeling Ltd., cites a dramatic example. "I know one block where a contractor quoted the insulation job at \$21,000. The job was [later] required at \$40,000, with the landlord paying just \$2,000. CHIP paid the rest."

Solutions are not immediately apparent. One problem, says Crowther, is that the government is not willing to fix prices. CHIP sets only broad ranges for material costs and for the percentage of billed labor. Vastly argues, on the other hand, that the government does not funnel enough money to the landlord in the first instance, reducing the incentive for energy conservation. "With a greater financial involvement, the consumer would get quotes and check the material and workmanship," he says. Cole partly blames a lack of enforcement. "Originally, the aim was to have a systematic inspection system run by the Canadian General Standards Board. In reality, CHIP just gets regular CHRI inspectors to do a quick check of insulation work along with their other inspection duties."

Beyond problems with monitoring, there are charges that the projected energy savings of 30 per cent amount to only 15 per cent or less. National Re-

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south Coast studies attributing as much as 40 per cent of heat loss to homes to air leakage through cracks and windows—GHP originally discounted the findings—has revised a new push for air-sealing, which GHP then agreed to expedite. However, Cole says that much of the incentives paid for by GHP in the early days may have been only marginally effective in cutting energy use because some floors and vapor barriers were not first sealed off. Worse, many incompetent contractors are now busy at the outside instead of the inside, with the result that trapped moisture ruined existing insulation and the house structures. The government paid for as many as 80,000 such jobs before backing down. The result is a federal money sink. The savings on GHP-insulated homes, the early next year, should answer some of these charges.

Air-seal operators have, in turn, made in for them. Cliff Brunsberger, sales manager of 35-year-old Brunsberger Insulation Ltd. in Waterloo, Ont., says some contractors are chiselers. "I have seen jobs where the government has paid \$100 just to have one door weatherstripped. In some cases the government is being charged \$35 for one tube of caulking, which costs \$6.50. They're also paying for materials never used—inspecting an air-sealing job is much more difficult than checking the insulation is as installed. Much of all the work is hidden if it's done at all."

Former energy minister Marc Lalonde recently ranted before that something would be done when he gave verbal approval to a major overhaul of the system, according to Cole. "They decided either would pay a flat 60 per cent of installation and air-sealing costs up to \$800, with the rest being paid by the rest. They also decided to insist on minimum insulation standards of R19 (at least three times that of the average house). The cabinet shuffie last month may prove to be a setback for the approval of such plans, but officials at Energy, Mines and Environment affirm that changes are still in the works, including a proposed plan to inspect newly insulated premises before the grants are issued.

Wayne Cole is pleased, although he must go some way further. While admitting his vested interest in air seals, Cole promises that homeowners will be able to get their own cost before applying for a government grant to install insulation. Such stringent measures are not likely to appeal to all consumers, but Cole has already gained strong support from other legitimate contributors for his argument that, though the ships may be down, the stakes are high.

—PETER CHARLES GORDON
in Winnipeg

CRIME

The Tylenol tragedy—II

For Johnson & Johnson, the makers of the headache remedy Tylenol, hiccups may never be the same. Following the horrific revelation of seven deaths from cyanide-laced bottles through Tylenol capsules bought in the Chicago area, concerns circulated throughout the world last week. After revealing the episodes, the company cancelled all advertising and abruptly halted their production in Canada. Kwik-Singh Tylenol was removed from open shelves and sold only from pharmacists' counters in most provinces.



Searching for poisoned Tylenol capsules, doctors

The Philippine and Indonesian governments in Jakarta and Singapore from selling the product altogether.

By midweek, tension in the company's boardroom reached negative proportions when the relatives of victims Adam Jones, his new bride, Thelma, and his brother Stanley fled three lawsuits seeking \$1 million from Johnson & Johnson and Jewel Food Stores, where the family had purchased the product. Furthermore, a Chicago lawyer filed a class-action suit on behalf of all citizens seeking refunds for Tylenol they had bought and would not use any. (AL week's end Johnson & Johnson had offered to exchange the capsules for tablets of the medication.)

Barraged by dead-end leads, investigators continued to believe there was

only one person involved in what was considered to be an act of random killing. "We don't have any suspects," said Chicago police Sgt. Richard Brenner. Throughout a week of anxious waiting, many industry renders continued to speculate that industrial sabotage might have been the motive. Public pressure did begin to ease, however, when there were no new death reports and after authorities revealed that there was no connection between the Chicago deaths and two other cases of cyanide- and styrene-poisoned capsules in Philadelphia, Pa., and Orville, Calif., respectively.

There were, however, some positive developments in the Tylenol affair last week. In hopes of averting further tinkering with products, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration began a study to devise tamper-proof packaging. And Chicago asked more civility by posting a law requiring seals on all over-the-counter drugs sold in the area.

In Canada, where Tylenol is manufactured in its own right and where there is no over-the-counter drug, Druggists reported a commercial disaster. "Sales of Tylenol haven't dropped, they quit," says Deb Brien of Shoppers Drug Mart in Winnipeg. But late last week a Canadian task force was also formed to review packaging requirements.

Many pharmacists in Canada have been one step ahead of their U.S. counterparts all along. In Ontario all dispensaries have been restricted to selling all varieties of Tylenol and related medicines over the pharmacist's counter since last year. Elsewhere in the country druggists have kept the product off open shelves as a voluntary basis.

Meanwhile, executives at Johnson & Johnson have been left seething. While Houston Avenue commended the company's response in the crisis, consumer advocate Ralph Nader submitted that the drug's usage had been irreparably damaged. "Its reputation is tainted like the Ford Pinto," he says. Nader predicts that the Tylenol brand name will disappear within a year. And, if ever a replacement should be marketed, chances are it will come tightly wrapped in a cellophane seal.

—CAROL BRIDMAN in Toronto, with Brian Kelly in Chicago.

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Taking a page from Howe's book

By Peter C. Newman

The recent round of mutual churn in Trudeau's cabinet provided some insight into the Liberal mentality that seems to have been in charge of this country's economic management since the buffalo roamed and the Canadian dollar was a serious currency.

What it adds up to, in this brave view of the Canadian future, is that the Liberals have made the defeat of an initiative largely of their own creation into the main criterion of their success. This is roughly equivalent, as the old saying aptly had it, of beating your own grampa.

Economic progress, at least in the avoidance of monetary disaster, has more to do with the actual production and marketing of goods and services than with any set of ideological dreams by a confused central government. Yet there is a potentially significant undercurrent in last month's ministerial shuffle which points to the emergence of a new and welcome attitude in the old war that Trudeau and most of his colleagues have been waging against Canada's business community.

Having exhausted every other alternative and finding themselves scrambling to keep from becoming a regional political mender with no real interests here outside Quebec, the Liberals have decided to use for peaceful coexistence with private enterprise instead of continuing to believe like Goulbaches in three-piece suits (trying to liberate the economy by selling the monetized oil fire), they have retreated to an old, dependable course: the managerial pragmatism of C.D. Howe.

Howe, whose personality and policies dominated the Ottawa strategy during the 1940s and '50s, successfully spurred Canada out of the Depression, masterminded defense production during the Second World War, and headed the effort for postwar reconstruction. A get-it-and-go-it-even-if-it-rips from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he became the founder of industrialized and Americanized Canada, allocating resources, dispersing tax windfalls, almost single-handedly putting into place Canada's modern infrastructure.

Howe's main task was to construct, by his underlying purpose was to promote capitalism while purging its inherent defects and excesses so that socialism would never become a viable political alternative. "I have been called a so-

cialist, also a conservative," he told us shortly before his death in 1960. "I always thought private industry could do anything better than public or government enterprise. But some things need to be done by the nation as a whole, and we did them the best we could."

That value-free opinion was current Liberal thinking. From now on, federal economic initiatives will be used only as safety nets, as in the recent Dome bailout. New initiatives, such as the National Energy Program or the expanded



C.D. Howe, managerial pragmatist

terms of reference for ITRA promised by Trudeau during the 1980 campaign, we find effective collaboration between business and government in the order of the day.

The price just was negotiated by Mary Lalonde at a private lunch in the Ottawa home of Tom d'Aquino, the influential president of the Business Council on National Issues, the grouping of Canadian chief executive officers that represents \$400 billion in corporate assets. (Attending were Peter Gordon, chairman of Stelco; Gordon Fisher, head of Suncor; Neville Fraser, chairman of the Royal Bank, and Jack Burrows, the former chairman of Stimpac-Bears.)

The problem with all this is that it lacks the chief ingredient that made C.D. Howe's tenure so pivotal. His rapport with businessmen, his ability to reassure chief executive officers into supporting the national interest, depended on their trust in him. They could count on his support to veto in cabinet any policies that might harm their bottom line. Howe, in turn, ingratiated in the country's fledgling business community the gift of self-confidence.

No member of the newly reorganized Trudeau ministry can hope to fill Howe's boots. Lalonde in Finance has the necessary clout but to get into the business community's confidence. Don Johnston in Economic Development has earned that confidence but lacks a dominant enough personality. Bill Lemley, the silver-haired former Coca-Cola salesman who has gone to industry, has the personality but lacks the intellectual depth. Jack Austin, promoted into the potentially powerful Social Development portfolio, could most easily become the C.D. Howe of the 1980s—but as a minister lacks the political base.

Shack without a single Howe substitute, the Liberals have patched together an unlikely partnership between the country's most effervescent politician (Brenda Eby Davy) and its most parsimonious disciple of free enterprise (Canadian Pacific's Ian Recker). Their joint leadership of the first-and-Third program stands out as the prime example to date of government and business working together. Another new example is that of last year's moving the country to peech the nutrient maple, trying to enlist the business establishment's support behind the Trudeau administration's new economic policies.

Davy has been so widely demonstrating his customary skill at moving the ball but courting considerable policy input. It was pressure from Davy that was largely responsible for holding off Bill Casper's intended 50-per-cent rate increase, for example. Every Wednesday morning he meets with the deputy ministers of Ottawa's 15 major government departments to plan new initiatives (A new productivity award is in the works, as is a price-wage agency modeled on Beryl's former Prime Minister's Council).

Despite the success of the Davy-Sinclair partnership, the notice that the Canadian economy could be salvaged by the reconstruction of C.D. Howe seems too good to be true. And it probably is.



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The dailies go for style

By Bonnie Hurwitz

Readers might not have noticed, but the hitmen of Toronto's newspaper fashion-page wars came close to the surface in an incident last year. Jane Hesi at the Toronto Star was so eager to snipe The Globe and Mail on an interview with Oscar de la Renta that she carried him over the telephone and printed her interview a week before the designer set foot on Canadian soil. The Globe was not pleased.

Fashion is one of the noverest competitors in the city's newspaper clashes, which have grown increasingly heated over the past four or five years. Toronto readers have been assaulted by the Star's new Sunday and morning editions, the Globe's beefed-up Report on Business and Finance sections and The Toronto Star's splashier color photography and personality columns. It's a constant state of running battles, asserts Gary Lausten, managing editor of the Star. Says Roy Mcgarry, Globe publisher: "The Toronto market is clearly the most competitive news-

paper market in North America."

Competition has never been fiercer on fashion news, a beat once considered as frivolous it was relegated to the back pages alongside society news. Despite the recession, fashion has grown to be such an alluring magnet to newspaper advertisers that the three Toronto newspaper fashion sections have continued to swell readers this fall with more than 50 halfy pages of dramatic fashion reports, interviews and tips every week. "The fashion section equals average," says Lausten. It also again increased readership. The Star claims its fashion section may be responsible for the additional 50,000 paper sales each Thursday.

The stage for today's national skirmishes was set more than two years ago when all three papers squared off with their new sections—the Star's Fashion 80, the Globe's Fashion section and the Star's Inquiries. It was a response to what newspaper editors believed was a growing interest in fashion. During the 1990s more and more women took to the work force, necessitating greater inter-



Kay Rothberg, frustrated for a scoop

est in extensive wardrobes. As a result, such high-fashion shopping areas as Hamilton Lewis flourished. As well, Toronto feasted itself on the position to make strong claims to the title Fashion Capital of Canada as such Montreal

fashion talents as designer Hugh Garber and Debbie Stuckert fled to the city in the wake of political and economic instability in Quebec.

The byproduct of these new priorities is a new breed of news-oriented fashion journalists. Unlike the printed masters of the 1980s and 90s, whose copy read like promotional fluff, today's fashion writers are expected to meet the same standards as reporters on any other beat. In keeping with this orientation, Toronto's fashion writers are not averse to a little sleazebag to get an occasional scoop. "If there's an exclusive story to be had, I want it, and I'm ready about it," says the Star's Jane Hesi. "I think the Globe was probably white with rage when I got exclusive interviews with Candice Bergen, Sigourney Weaver, Diane von Furstenberg and Richard Armitage when they each came to town."

Over at the Globe, rival Beverly Ross refuses to admit defeat at the hands of Hesi on any of these scoops. "An exclusive may have such a limited effect in most cases," she claims. "But if she had landed an exclusive interview with Ralph Lauren (who recently spent his first Toronto boutique), then I would feel the Globe was beaten."

Beverly Cole at the Star, however, isn't about to let either of the other two dailies take any undue credit. "We were the first to start a fashion section in

fall '78," she sniffs, "and we had been doing it for two years when the Star started putting themselves on the back for being first."

Toronto's designers are still learning how to exploit this rivalry to their advantage. Sew-and-sewer designer Daniel Starra says to recently gave a scoop to the Globe and was later called a "fink" by an ex-Star writer. Designer Robin Kay-Rothberg got caught in the squeeze last spring when both the Globe and the Star demanded the first story on her new knitwear collection. The Star's Hesi informed Kay-Rothberg that her "relationship with the Star would be irreparably damaged" if she refused to co-operate. The Star got the first story.

Despite the hardnosed nature of fashion page inner section games and the millions of \$1,000 to produce, model fees can stack as high as \$400 to \$600 a day, and trips to Europe and New York can run into thousands of dollars, newspaper editors believe the outlay is well worth the edge in fashion advertising dollars. A typical advertiser pays about \$5,000 to buy a full-page ad in the Star's fashion section, \$6,000 at the Globe and \$5,000 at the Star.

Fashion wars with the fierceness of the scrap in Toronto are not a Canadian scene, but they could become so in the near future. In Edmonton the battles are increasingly between the Edmonton

Journal, with a regular Sunday fashion section, Star, and the Edmonton Sun, with a monthly supplement called Sun Women, focusing on beauty, fashion and fitness. Competition also remains healthy in Montreal—long a bastion of sophisticated fashion reporting. "I felt extremely competitive with The Globe and Mail when it was distributed nationally. I used to grab for it and feel like I had been kicked in the gut of the stomach. It just looked amazing," says Iain Woodman, fashion editor of Montreal's The Quebecer. "However, I still am very competitive with Le Presse. Its fashion coverage has grown to five or six fascinating pages."

Despite their rages, Toronto's fashion sections are feeling the recessionary pinch. The Globe and Mail discontinued color photography in all departments this summer and also curtailed national distribution of the fashion section. The other dailies have cut back freelance budgets and travelling and will have to rely more heavily on newspaper wire services.

Nevertheless, editors are reluctant to pull any major plugs. As Lausten points out: "Fashion doesn't have higher priority than the Middle East war. However, if we had to send a fashion reporter to Serbia, well, I wouldn't offer any editors, but I might sell the other dailies." ☐

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LOOKIN' TO GET OUT

Directed by Hal Ashby

Gambler have style, moans about them should have the same. *Lookin' to Get Out* surely has its contradictions, a slender thread of a narrative and some well-intentioned but misfired seriousness about playing the odds in life. The script (co-written by Joe Voight) provides two juicy lead roles for the hero and his sidekick. Alex (Voight) is a connoisseur of the smooth who lives with his dumb buddy, Jerry (Bert Remsen), in a New York slumhouse—a odd couple comprised of two Queens, both with personalities as cramped as their closets. They live on the periphery of social existence: they smoke too many cigarettes, eat too much cold Campbell's soup. When Jerry loses a buck on the dice, he gives a hushful but before he spends it—just in case. Alex ends up losing some net also. Says to grand other a poker game, so he and Jerry lighted it to Las Vegas with two hairy loads in poselt.

There are some nice touches in *Lookin' to Get Out*, especially when Alex passes Jerry off as a friend of the owner of the town Grand Hotel. They are enmeshed in the Dr. Zhivago mode, when the doorman rings, at plays Gersh's *Rhapsody*. How they managed the hour is marvellous indeed, but even more surprising is the movie's only major female character. Alex's old girlfriend, Patti (played by the weather-beaten Ann-

Margret), is now being kept by the hotel's owner. She is a total masochist—she does her wrong but she keeps coming back for more—and her every attention is so fascinating as a sides prick for an encyclopedia.

Once Alex and Jerry are united in Las Vegas, *Lookin' to Get Out* becomes increasingly arty and dispiriting—pragmatic points and slow, profound delivery of words hoping to pass for thoughtfulness. At this point director Hal Ashby (Romero, *Shogun*) begins his laborious and repetitious recommitting from Patti and the hotel owner to Alex and Jerry being chased by the two hoodlums to a refined gambler (Bert Remsen) waiting for the two New Yorkers to pull a big number at the tables. A modest series of events manages to be much a large bare.

The small pleasures of *Lookin' to Get Out* are courtesy of the actors. Though Voight has not written his character into life (why Alex and Jerry are friends is unfathomable), his work as an actor in his lowest and most flexible since *Cosmo*. Bert Remsen has the right gray glances in his eye to be watched the tables, and Bert Young is abominable and entertaining as the slow-witted Jerry, who says things like "I think so." Ann Margret, though, should have under a bed after this long performance. For the next part, the actors pull some more fees in *Lookin' to Get Out*, which is otherwise tasteless and a mess.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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The anatomy of Gallic melancholy

LE BEAU MARIAGE
Directed By Eric Rohmer

Recent French movies have been, with few exceptions, gratingly neutral—melancholy, mild-interest affairs such as *Le Vin d'automne* or *A Week's Passion*, keep on talk and shy of action. Eric Rohmer's *Le Beau Mariage* is yet another Gallic gemlet in which the characters chatter endlessly about dinner. A movie such as *Le Beau Mariage*, essentially the story of a young woman out to nab a man for her planned marital bliss, is just dressed-up prose. We get nothing from it that could not have been expressed more lucratively and efficiently in a short story, unless you wish to count all the shots of scenery that paint train and car windows when a character commutes between the city and the country.

Butters are not helped in the least by the disingenuous heroine Sabine (Beatrice Roman) pursues her goal of a satisfying marriage with incredible tenacity. Finding himself in the line of fire is a nice, young, handsome lawyer named Edmund (André Dussolier), to Rohmer's mind a perfect catch. Edmund, however, is more interested in his work than anything else; Sabine keeps calling him, and he does not answer her messages. Not one to take so for an answer, she persists until she has finally (and justifiably) humiliated herself.

Le Beau Mariage is the kind of movie certain critics often call "chaste" or "virginal." "Pretentious" or "bloodless" would be more appropriate terms here, because of its chilly (but dry) wit and Rohmer's dialogue. The character of Sabine does not help, why should a sadist be interested in a woman without any particular talent or fascination who decides, on a whim, to get her/his husband? As Roman plays her, Sabine deserves a spanking for all her little-girl moaning.

Rohmer has gone the intellectual talk-show movie route many times before in such films as *My Night at Maud's*, *Chloe in the Afternoon*, and *Chère Karel*. In the latter, Beatrice Roman played an exquisite teenage teenybop who actually brought spontaneity into an Eric Rohmer film. Unfortunately, she has grown up and in the standard Rohmer character mould. There is actually one moment of pure relaxation in *Le Beau Mariage* as Edmund says to Sabine's mother, "I'd bet you were a real flirt," and she replies, "Isn't everybody?" Practically everybody is—except for Eric Rohmer.

—L.O'P

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THEATRE

A monster mishmash

SCIENCE AND MADNESS

By George F. Walker
Directed by William Lane

When an important and widely produced playwright delivers a skit, a dilemma is posed: should one bury it or produce and be damned? In the debut of Terrance Thorne's new artistic director, Urie Karas, has unfortunately decided to give George F. Walker's latest play a chance. As a former drama critic and Stratford Festival literary manager whose strong point is script development, Karas should have known better.

The plot is nonexistent. Ben (Michael Ball), a timid doctor with a mild yen for surgical experimentation, falls under the spell of a Frankenstein figure, Medeiros (Steven Rush). His sister, Lillian (Barbara Gordon), a hysterical poet given to spinning scriptures, manages to save Ben's soul from the disheveled Medeiros. Her rati-fied feuders are scathed in bed, however, by Freddy, a handsome chicken plucker. And, just to ensure that the main themes are clear, Lillian dresses in red before the final apocalyptic struggle of wills between Freddy's pure and psychotic sister Mary (in white) and Medeiros (in black).

In the absence of any story or dramatic conflict, this melodrama—or is it a comedy?—has to rely on ideas (no comfort there) and visual effects. What Urie Walker has to say about the madness of an overly rational science dominating the world, he says baringly and at great length. "Science is a raven on the shoulder of the artist," is about as profound as he gets. Like some of his previous works, the superficial *Theatre of the Fifties*, *Science and Madness* satirizes poorly for substance. "It's your style to mark even your style," Lillian tells Medeiros, delivering a love note that neatly absolves the playwright of his responsibilities. Although it is doubtful that the piece would work in any medium, Walker's sensibility here and in *Fifties* Nor is more crass than the than there. Jumping at 90 minutes without intermission, the rapid succession of

scenes demands quick exits, instead, there are extended blackouts as Alan Strubbery's Disney World set lurches into yet another position like an obese couple acting out the Kama-sutra.

A mountain of talent has been expended on this pathetic model of a play. With no coherent text to guide him, director William Lane concentrates on orchestrating Strubbery's lighting pyrotechnics and John Raley's wry, synchroic score. The members of the excellent cast are left to salvage the characters with every acting device in their extensive repertoires. Rush's Med-



Rush (top), Donat: parody piece of substance

eiros is a token pole come to life, his mis-sense into and vocal gestures resembling in a delicious dance of death. Durr Chernack somehow manages to make Mary both appealing and convincing, while Richard Donat brings Freddy to the left for desperately needed comic relief. Typically, though, Walker anticipates all criticism by having Medeiros comment, "Totally meaningless but very persuasive" on Mary's efforts during the closing Announcements. The appraisal is far too generous. Mostly stated, if George F. Walker were as famous, serious and Medeiros would never have seen the light of day.

—MARK GARDNER



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Fast trees for raped forests

The art of breeding hybrid poplars and cypresses has been a simple, broadly used method ever since Austrian geneticist Gregor Mendel first began crossing strains of the garden pea in 1856. Trees have proven a stubborn exception, if only because it can take 30 to 55 years to mature a mature

plant. That has been one of the principal stumbling blocks in Canada's lagging reforestation program. Furthermore, it is impossible for a scientist, using such traditional methods as cross pollination and inbreeding, to grow a tree pure enough to produce a sturdy hybrid with predictable characteristics. That is why

breeders at Ontario's ministry of natural resources Forest Research Institute in Maple, Ont., are so excited about a recent breakthrough—the creation of haploid poplars (trees with half of the 38 chromosomes of a normal tree)—the first step toward developing a stable, fast-growing super-tree.

The race to crack the genetic process that could seed instant trees and revolutionize the forest industry has engaged scientists around the world. Until now, no one has been able to duplicate the reported 1975 Chinese success with haploid trees. All other haploid projects have worked only with crops. But, in the spring of 1985, research scientist Hong Ho and his ministry team took on the challenge of turning poplar pollen into haploid trees. Beaten 10: "We have accomplished in less than two years with these poplars what would take hundreds of years of laboratory inbreeding by generations of scientists."

By themselves, the haploids are useless plants—sterile, ugly and fragile. Because they are infused with a drug to double their chromosomes, they become complete, genetically pure trees with matched pairs of chromosomes. Crop scientists have found that when these pure strains are crossed, the resulting hybrids are generally faster-growing, give higher, better-quality yields, and are more resistant to pests and climate extremes than breeding with less pure plant lines.

But, while haploids are easily changed to normal trees, they are not easily cultivated themselves. He's painstaking technique involves gathering any pollen sacs from male poplar flowers and nurturing the pollen alone into a kind of half-tree. The incubated pollen forms knobby lumps or embryos. Once transferred to tubes of nutrients, green shoots appear, roots develop, and a tiny plantlet, with only 19 chromosomes, appears.

Whether the Ontario stand of 50 haploids (to be transplanted from test beds next spring) is the right one for producing better poplars is another question. Chief scientist Leslie Ziaffala speaks with measured optimism when he says, "We still need more and better haploid techniques to our needs. It will take a maximum of five years before we deliver new trees to industry." The next step, according to Deng Drysdale, director of research, will be to duplicate the poplar success with conifers and selected hardwoods. If the haploid techniques can be used to achieve the 60-to-100-year growth rate of the world's harvestable trees, it will go a long distance toward addressing the havoc created by the destruction of the world's forests—especially the dwindling rain forests of the Third World.

—MAUREN KAY in Maple

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Troubles with the tune-up

Oil companies and governments have been telling drivers for years that regular tune-ups will save money at the pump. But now, researchers at the Technical University of Nova Scotia's Centre for Energy Studies, with financial assistance from the provincial Energy Initiatives Program, say most standard car tune-ups save what they have discovered to be the most common cause of poor gasoline mileage—air leaks between the carburetor and the engine. Mechanics' ignorance of this defect—previously thought to be rare—could in some cases hinder rather than improve a car's performance. The researchers reached their startling conclusion after testing thousands of vehicles at car shows in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island over the past year. More than 70 per cent of the cars examined were found to be improperly adjusted for maximum fuel efficiency. Yet only about 12 per cent revealed the kinds of problems—faulty spark plugs or ignition points—usually corrected in a routine tune-up.

Donald B. Trivett, head of the research team, and his mechanics observed that the air leaks between the carburetor and the engine could cause an overly lean fuel-air mixture, resulting in rough engine operation. These leaks originate, they believe, from the pressure deterioration of gaskets and vacuum hoses due to the higher temperatures of today's pollution-control-equipped cars. Not recognizing the real cause of the problem, mechanics might be tempted to smooth out the engine by adjusting the carburetor, even if that meant tampering with a sealed unit.

Subsequent testing revealed that a staggering 30.6 per cent of the cars examined suffered from leaks. The defect was most common among General Motors vehicles (42 per cent of which had air leaks) and least common among Europeans (5.6 per cent) and Japanese (none per cent) cars.

Auto manufacturers and energy planners could both benefit from the findings. "If you found and corrected half the cars with this defect," says Trivett, "it would be the equivalent of building a tar sands plant without any capital expenditure. At the same time, it would put an average of \$30 a year of tax-free income into the pocket of every motorist who had his car tested and adjusted."

—PARKER BATES DORTCH/H. S. Dryden



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The downward mobility of collectibles



Young with collection, dolls bought for \$100 in 1970 now worth \$2,000. 'Things getting out of hand'

By Shona McKay

By the late 1970s it seemed as if King Midas was at work again. In 1979 a 100-year-old toy, a German battleship 90 cm long and powered by the motor of a clock, sold for an astonishing \$21,000 in New York City. Across the United States Ansel Adams' photographs, which had fetched a modest \$200 in 1970, commanded upward of \$60,000 by 1980. In Europe late-19th-century Chinese silk rage quadrupled in price from 1970 to 1978. Canada was not exempt from the touch of gold. Group of Seven paintings soared during the decade. In 1982 a Larion Harris oil was bought for \$240,000, the highest price ever paid for a Canadian painting at auction. Queens fared outside coin shops as eager buyers snapped up 1948 Canadian silver dollars at \$1,500 a ton. During steady bidding at Toronto's Phillips Ward-Price auctions in April, 1981, a 1952 Mickey Mouse baseball cap went for \$880. An Indian canoe, seemingly without end, frightened investors fleeing to put their fading dollars into something tangible, something with value. Many chose old Canada, sending house prices in many Canadian cities into the stratosphere. Others fled to such collectibles as rugs, stamps, antiques—

often to the distress of long-term collectors, who watched with a mixture of horror and fascination as prices climbed to unthinkable levels.

But, as quickly as he came, the gifted speculator appears to have vanished. High-quality coins have retained their value, but, for many would-be investors, the art and collectibles market has gone the way of real estate, the modest market and all. In a report released in June, the great New York investment banking firm Salomon Brothers Inc. described a grim demand picture paid for old masterpieces down 22 per cent from the previous year; ornate rugs down 30 per cent; coins down 22.8 per cent. In Canada, at a Phillips auction in July, an A.T. Jackson, sporting a genuine estimate of \$22,000, sold for \$2,400. Last year's \$2,500 dollar will fetch \$1,000 today. And the much-loved Yankee bats at half of last year's price.

As recently as 1975 the international art market was showing a 58.4 per cent return on investment—32.1 percentage points above gold and

sight times the rate of inflation. Speculators allowed long-term collectors aside in their frenzy to buy up everything from multimillion-dollar Picasso to \$2,000 Ronald Reagan movie posters. "At literally every public sale there was a new prize lot," marvels Alan Klinkhoff, one of the directors of Montreal's Walter Klinkhoff Gallery Inc. "It was definitely an exciting time." It was also disconcerting. "Reputation and price means more, in many cases, inflated," says Kee Carpenter, art critic and professor of ceramics at York University in Toronto. "In a weak economic period the art market was experiencing a historically abnormal growth."

Lately, however, history has begun to repeat itself. Record-high interest rates in the past year have lured speculators to treasury-bond havens and sent the tangibles market reeling. In Canada the weakness of the dollar, coupled with last November's budget which threatened devaluation of several Canadian works of art, only hurried the decline. "A lot of people are staying away from the market," says Carpenter. "They are worried about what the market will do next."

The carnage in many areas is clearly visible. In June the great international auction house Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc. reported a 25-per cent drop in sales from its 1980-81 record of \$650 million. For 1982 they are predicting a loss for the first time in 44 years. Ten of 32 Sotheby staffers in Canada have been let go. At auctions in Toronto this year both Sotheby's and Phillips Ward-Price failed to sell between 75 and 90 per cent of the anticipated items. Of the remainder, 25 per cent were purchased at less than the pre-sale estimate. In August

Mintie card S&W bid



Phillips announced that its Toronto hall will reduce the number of auctions it conducts. "We make these moves with great regret," says Jack Kerr-Wilson, president of Phillips in Canada. "But it is better to put a bandage on the market than to bleed to death."

While auction houses are barely hanging on, many dealers and retailers are calling for body bags. Between September, 1981, and June, 1982, 12 art galleries closed in Montreal. "That is an abnormal number," says Edith Yessman, executive administrator of the Professional Art Dealers Association of Canada (PADAC). She adds that, of the 35 member galleries of PADAC across the country, most are experiencing a 30-per cent drop in sales. Says a wistful Klinkhoff: "Pictures are simply not selling."

The malaise spreads beyond the painterly. "Business has definitely fallen off from last year," says Lorraine Collins, an antique dealer from Thorsby, N.S. "Prices have gotten out of hand, and people just can't afford to come in here any more." Those who do are stopping far from precious items such as beads and sideboards. "I can't sell the old prints, linens or Nova Scotia glass that people used to demand after," adds Connard. In Toronto Neil Smyth, owner of The Map Room, one of the largest antique map dealerships in Canada, finds himself coping with a similar sales slump. "People are coming in and saying they would love to buy, but they are waiting until their money comes," he says. "What this means is that I have to work harder."

Canadian newspapers are full of oriental carpet dealers conducting distress sales. When Vancouver's John Shalour opened the Ramsey House three years ago, the trade in oriental carpets was brisk. Recently, the 36-year-old Iranian was forced to sell off his expensive inventory at cost price during a bankruptcy sale. "The market simply vaporized itself," says Shalour sadly, "to the point where it is now completely dead."

Reeling witness at the fairs are thousands of speculators who jumped aboard the collectibles' ride to riches. "When the market was brisk, there was tremendous temptation to go out and buy at tremendous prices," says Klinkhoff. Those who succeeded are paying the price.

Frank Bakus, a 50-year-old businessman shop owner in Toronto, none of the thousands who got caught. "I didn't see this coming at all," he says. "It came so fast. If I didn't have my own business to fall back on, I could have gone bankrupt." At the height of investment fever Bakus bought a four-string block of 1959 five-cent inverted St. Lawrence Seaway stamps for \$92,500. That same



Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

black is now worth \$60,000. Although Baloon is able to hold onto most of his major stamp investments, he has been forced to sell his large holdings of smaller denomination stamps, such as the Canadian Olympic series, at a loss. "I am just dumping them wherever I can," says Baloon. "They are being used for postage."

At Sorby's in Toronto, John Phillips, director of the Works of Art division, admits that the auction house has received numerous inquiries from people wishing to unload last year's investment folly. "We try to persuade them to

hold off selling. If not, they end up paying \$3,000 for the \$2,000 Victorian ink set they bought 18 months ago."

For some, the sight of the street bulldozer evokes little sympathy. Among knowledgeable dealers, the plight of the auctioneer is believed to be particularly just. "They brought this upon themselves," says Walter Mason, owner of the Gallery Moss in Toronto. "Sorby's spring auction was a disaster. They put fancy reserves on mediocre pieces, and no one bought." At Haefliger's Swiss Art Gallery, owner Les Monseigneur is just as blunt: "There was a deliberate

move to drive prices up," he says. "It just did not make sense that a Jackson was selling for three times the price of a Gauguin." Nor are auction collectors displeased to see the decline of the speculative market. "There are a lot of people getting out of hand," says Bruce Young, a Toronto art editor and avid call collector. "I was not prepared to pay the prices they were asking." Young illustrates his point by gesturing toward a painting character doll he purchased for \$100 in 1978. It is now worth \$3,000. "Wary of the over-inflating price trend, Young began to upgrade and pass down his collection from 500 to 100 dolls several years ago. "The market is flooded now, and dealers tell me they cannot get rid of medium-price dolls," he says.

Norma Mosher, 68, shares Young's passion for dolls. In her Toronto home, her collection competes for space with about 1,000 lead soldiers belonging to her husband, Jack, a retired paratrooper. The Moshers have found that their income earned much the same cost of their respective hobbies. While Jack Mosher notes that there are still reasonable finds to be had "if you shop carefully," he grumbles that many numismatists are now beyond his purse. "The basic mistake that I pointed up in the Soldier Shop in New York for \$3.25 in the late 1950s goes for \$35 now," he says. "Adding with 'I only window-shop now. Buying is for enthusiasts'."

That has begun to change. "For the serious collector, the current situation is a small business," says York's Kim Carpenter. "Two years ago, the average Joe couldn't get the mean of the crop, the blue-chip works—now you can have your pick." Adds Jack Kim-Wilson: "With prices going down across the board, it's almost the best possible time for the private collector."

If the collapse of the market is seen as a boon for the conscientious collector, it is also being considered a good thing for the quality art object. As the \$20,000 Golden Age music books from the 1930s and scores of \$3,000 limited-edition "art" books plummet in value, cheap goods maintain their worth. Antiques dealer books, 19th-century European items and Rembrandts, among other items, continue to do well. Recent sales, such as the 1888 Paul Peel which sold at auction in Toronto for \$70,000 in June, are still not uncommon. "Essentially, the market is being purged from the market," says Kim Carpenter. Although the speculation prosper with a bank credit full of devalued Canadian dollars, he may disagree, there is an air of returning sanity within the art and collectibles trade. Prices are already showing signs of recovery. "Now that the speculative market is that fairly gone," says Walter Mason, "we can get back to looking at value. Intrinsic value." ♦

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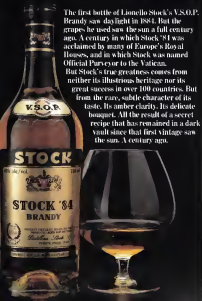
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TECHNOLOGY

Piping in the daylight

People who work under fluorescent lights have long complained about the cyanide-like white tubes that bubble them out or more harm a day. Some scientific evidence has shown that fluorescent can cause eyestrain and fatigue. Recently, there have been more alarming reports, based on research performed on animals, which link fluorescent lights to rapid tooth decay, a lowering of male potency and increased cell mutation. Earlier this year an Australian study found that people with extensive exposure to the light could double the risk of developing malignant melanoma, one of the most deadly cancers. A return to incandescent bulbs would be expensive and inefficient because of their production of waste heat. But a new Canadian innovation that can distribute both natural sunlight and artificial light through plastic pipes could signal the end of

pipe starting this December, will be promoting the lighting on the basis of its pleasing light quality.

The idea of piped light is not entirely new—ancientians have experimented with mirrored and fibre-optic light piping—but Whitehead's invention sources lightest far practically. Mirrors absorb

too much light to transmit a significant distance, and fibre optics would be tremendously expensive for large-scale installations. Whitehead's light pipe, says experts Karl Mills of the National Research Council, would on the other hand be competitive with fluorescent in any major industrial or commercial site. Princeton Lloyd Sigurdson, a Vancouver sales representative for the U.S. lighting manufacturer Davis Test and a convert to the light pipe idea, "Fluorescent lighting as we know it is going to be a thing of the past."

—AUSTIN RAND in Toronto

As more health hazards of fluorescent lighting are tallied, a new day- light tube may rescue worried office workers

fluorescence's domination of the workplace.

Especially in its simplicity, the pipe, to be marketed as a Prism Light Guide, is a frosted acrylic tube with squared edges. Ridges along the inner surface of the pipe prevent most of the light from escaping by reflecting it inward—a principle called "total internal reflection." A light source such as a sunlight-collecting mirror or a high-intensity lamp is set up at one end of the sealed pipe. As light rays wave down the pipe, with the help of mirrors at corners, they gradually snap out, creating a diffuse, even lighting over a length of as much as 50 m.

Inventor Lorne Whitehead, a physicist at the University of British Columbia, motivated by his own dislike for fluorescent lighting, has already won one prize from the Illuminating Engineering Society of North America for his work. The piping has also been installed experimentally at two libraries and incorporated into the design of a new office building in North Vancouver. The Systems Ltd., a Vancouver company founded by Whitehead to produce the



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TELEVISION

Introduction to a giant

THE CHINESE

CBC, Oct. 13 to Nov. 18

In 1949, after pro-Western China's Kuomintang fled the mainland in defeat, the fall of China to the Communists became the rallying point of the Cold War. Always a mysterious giant, China suddenly became a dragon second only to the Soviet Union in capitalist demagoguery. Even in 1985, when emerging anti-Communism was sophisticated, success of the Cultural Revolution raised doubts in the hard-sympathizers. The Middle Kingdom suddenly seemed a hell on earth.

Modern China remains an enigma which *The Chinese*, a series of six hour-long shows, attempts to explore. While visually it is nothing to boast about—too many talking heads and abrupt cuts—the series is unusually fair and thought-provoking. The scenarios and perspectives, while not entirely new, are presented in a skilful package which serves as an absorbing introduction to China.

The spirit, historical episode excepts the imperialist exploitation, the Communist movement and the final victory of peasant Mao Tse-tung (who abolished numerous inhuman practices such as infanticide of unwanted daughters) but overnight transition from feudalism to nuclear power posed numerous problems. The nation's breathtaking legacy of Confucianism, stressing the primacy of the family, was supplanted by Marxism, in which the state has ultimate say. The documentary footage from the 1960s captures the frightening power of a charismatic leader. Short numbers in quarter of the world's population become believable when we see the thousands assembled in the square of the Gate of Heavenly Peace to worship the chairman in ceremonial garb.

So it seemed, but after Mao's death and the trial of the Gang of Four, the five-thousand-year-old custom some of the people began to surface. The Chinese experience the aftermath of one of the most vicious uprisings the world has seen by bringing its Godhead to the humiliations of the elderly and the neglect of members of the Red Guard. Various segments take us into the homes, the workplace, the farms and schools where ideology, somewhat diluted today, still prevails.

The Iron Rice Bowl appalls the greatest feat of the revolution, saving tens of millions from malnutrition or starvation. (Starvation was also given financial encouragement to have only one child). The series moves on, showing the ways in which, with selfish co-optation, the state maintains itself into almost every area of personal life. Little Brother's Wedding admits that while the arranged marriages of the past ("You never know if she was crippled," recalls one ancient peasant) are gone, the state seeks to limit the obstetrician's



Shanghai street scene. Thought-provoking, fair

ness of the circumstances themselves. Interspersed with such capital details is a lesson on smoking lessons from nature and capital on faring, a breaththrough in resource-hungry China. Finally, we see China emerging as an economic power, dealing with money capitalists.

Admirably, *The Chinese* hardly settles for a mere narrative at this alien regime. While repetitive at times, it leaves plenty to wall over. What remains foremost in the image of the people, the industry and self-reliance, the tendency to break into laughter, the warring sense of tradition. How deep the drooping revolution will strike into the hearts of the Chinese with five thousand years of culture behind them is a moot question. After all, a mere third of a century is not very long to change the customs and interests of a billion human beings. The Chinese often hope that a totalitarian state is beginning to wobble and that a great culture can both out and live in freedom. —BET MACVICK

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A skeleton uncovered

PERPETUAL MOTION

By Graham Gibson
(McClelland and Stewart, 303 pages,
\$26.95)

Graham Gibson's first novel is more than a decade outside the frontiers of Canadian literature if Gabriel Garcia Márquez were to fictionalize Buenos Aires, *Perpetual Motion* might be the result. Set in the 1880s and 1910s near the imaginary town of Red River in southern Ontario, the book is a complex, poetic narrative about a pioneer's obsession with constructing a perpetual motion machine. It is a fable about man's struggle to subdue nature and shape her in the rational image of his rational mind. In



Gibson bones of the Canadian psyche

the greens, body and spirit are separated and man is driven mad, leaving only bones to inhabit a wounded, straining nature.

Wind and spirit whirl an endless dance through *Perpetual Motion*. While plowing his fields one day, Robert Fraser dug up the skeleton of a mastodon—it must have surfaced a strange sign is heard, as if nature were trying out at the moment of a tooth. Soon after, Robert and Mary's first child, Angus, is born—complete with teeth and dark fur—during a storm. And in an initial attempt to power the perpetual motion machine, Fraser tries to harness the wind, while overboard the horse is con-

stantly felled with the rocking wings of passenger pigeons in flocks miles high.

On his way to Toronto to market his mastodon, Fraser encounters Yukon's slaughtering pioneers by the thousands with their hare brains, horrified at first. Fraser's mind ticks sharply and he decides to go the Yukon one better, engineering his own massacre of an enormous roset to great financial gain. Hanging like a black cloud over this carnage is the reader's knowledge that half a century later the species will be extinct. Study the seeds of Gibson's imagery blossom, often quite blatantly, into recurrent meaning. Fraser now has the money to build the brick house he had promised Mary at Angus' birth, but the location he chooses drives him to cut down a massive tree which has become an extension of himself. With its falling, Mary begins to lose her mind; the golden daughter has already driven Angus mad, and his eerie songs haunt the surrounding forest.

Perpetual Motion is epic in scope, a tall tale told by a grizzled narrator, full of belly laughs and craft, evocative detail. The grotesque set pieces—Edith Shaver sniffing his palm to the table with a knife and telling how his tasteless uncle's prison were there—are brilliant. Perhaps inevitably, the intricacies of human relationships and individual psychology are oversimplified; the characters are propelled by nameless fears through their private voids toward collisions, not meetings. There are other flaws, too. Unusually, the struggles between publisher's out-casting and writer's omniscience have left good editing out in the cold. It is displeasing that such fine writing should be marred by careless repetition, vagueness and polemic—not even James Joyce could have gotten away with "basaloid" ("dull," "materialistic," according to Webster's) six times in fewer than 300 pages.

Like Fraser with his mastodon, Gibson has uncovered a bone buried in the bones of the Canadian psyche when it flourished in the manure of nineteenth-century Victorian optimism. Fraser is a tragic hero—psychotic perhaps, insanely repressed, certainly, but one who understands a heroic nature and the traumatic memory of his suicidal father's corpse dangling from a rope in the front hall. His is a landmark figure, and his story is not circumstantial by time and place. Like Joyce's Dublin and Shakespeare's Venice, Red River may be found on the map of the human imagination. —MARK CHAMBERS



Munro: revolutions of middle age

The fantasy of perfect mastery

THE MOONS OF JUPITER

By Alice Munro
(McClelland and Stewart, 303 pages,
\$17.95)

In the first pages of *Burton* this, the fifth story in this new collection by Alice Munro, a key suddenly provides a key to *The Moons of Jupiter*, which is rich with already wide-open doors. But this is the kind of key that when you want to reread all of a writer's work, go back to *Love and Madness* or *Who Do You Think You Are?* (Munro's last book and winner of her second Governor General's Award) to take a look at her female characters with new eyes. In *Burton* the middle-aged narrator of the story, remembering (as maybe not) from an overly hopeful time into love, is imagining old roads of master/girl. She thinks herself into their mind of day after day, followed by nights spent in a single bed with flannel sheets and the thought of the missed chance: "There I came back again and again to the centre of my fantasy, to the moment when you give yourself up, give yourself over, to the sexual which is promised to finish everything you've ever been before. A stubborn virgin's belief, this belief in perfect mastery."

These women of Munro's (there are others, but there are central to six of the 11 stories in the book) are intelligent, artists or commentators of some sort, accomplished, bruised and wise, yet still caught in the fantasy of perfect mastery. In *Burton* the woman takes risks for love and waded out of it only by circumstances; she and the narrator she loves can only be together briefly in Australia. Back in Toronto

she continually recognizes the causality of the episode, but, "I can't continue to move my body along the streets unless I start in his mind and in his eyes. People have that problem frequently. It is not an inescapable problem. Love is not serious though it may be fatal."

They keep looking at wrong objects and different, inappropriate tools for transference, let alone love. The men use as Lybia describes them in *Order* "the man who have held back, who have contradicted themselves, provoked, lied, mocked. These are the men women get pregnant by, and desperate letters to, perish their own superior love to, take their revenge on." Like Duncan, who failed to love Lybia, Douglas, who loved somebody less deserving in *Red-Luck Shoreline*, George, with whom Lybia's joints (when she is not weeping in *Labour Day Dreamer*) "She has to go all the way, to where she doesn't care. This he feels how light and distant she is and his love returns. She has power. But the minute she begins to value it it will begin to lessen her."

Lydia meets Vincent, a man like the farmers she grew up with—familiar, warm and secure, but with the reserve and pride the rememberers like wondering for a moment if she should have married someone like Vincent: "That is, should she have stayed in the place where love is managed for you, not given where you have to invent it, and reinvent it, and never know if their efforts will be enough?" The answer is clear in the stories: none of these women could have stayed in the small town of southern Ontario. The transformation of self that they sought in sex also drove them away to cities where they found public lives. As they grew older, these bastions became something about which they can almost control—like Frances, the music teacher in *Accident*, who both escaped and had "her love, her scandal, her man, her children." But what difference did it make, she thinks, middle-aged and attending a funeral in *Flourishing* "inside she's taking away, all by herself, the same Frances who was there before any of it." They all, like Frances, now deal with being outside and alone, with what middle age remains—as transformation, even rejection.

This is only part of what is behind one door. Some of the others open an sensory and nostalgic, the perception of the middle-aged as opposed to those of the young: the code of conduct of Protestant southern Ontario, where people say "I don't care" and "I don't care" they do. Where they also say such things as "She's getting too big for her husband. Who does she think she is to act like she's any different from the rest of us?" It is in these different cases, the ones who leave, that Munro sees the best and best days (see her work). —ANN COLEMAN

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A FAIRLY CONVENTIONAL

WOMAN

By Carol Shields
(Macmillan of Canada,
\$19.95, 318 pp., \$19.95)

As the end of Carol Shields's last novel, *Happensequence*, characters Jack and Brenda Bowman seemed to have yielded all a reader would want to know about a happy marriage suffering a mid-life crisis. The crisis was that of Jack, a 43-year-old lawyer who lost faith in himself while his wife was away at a leadership convention. What was wonderful about *Happensequence* was the way in which Shields described the matrix of the Bowman marriage, all the secrets of relationship that are almost too dumb to be revealed: the private vocabulary, the jokes, what comes do before they are officially awake on Sunday mornings. But Shields decided that she had said all enough, and, in *A Fairly Conventional Woman*, she gives equal time to Brenda Bowman and her mid-life crisis at the crafts gathering. This results in a novel as exciting as an overused term of *Pretty* Circle magazine.

The only tension in the book is Brenda pondering why she is not quite as happy at 40 as she was before. She considers having an affair (but does not for reasons expressed in the title), she tries to buy a new nightgown but doesn't really want one badly enough, she wins an honorable mention for an unrequited love called *The Secret Canvas*, and she rejects entirely the Judy Gargano prohibition in traditional quilt design. To Brenda, a Star of Bethlehem is definitely not a rationalized corporate image.

Brenda is basically nice. The reader knows this in *Happensequence*. The only thing that is a surprise is what she thinks about Jack, which occasionally suggests the vindictive satisfaction of watching *The Nerve Agent* Game. What married people don't know about each other. This evolves into the one new theme that Shields develops: the different ways in which Jack and Brenda cement themselves to continuing on their marital course. The book's Jack reflects his neuroticism, hides his eyes, and plunges safely into the familiar terrain of his wife's love. Brenda keeps a huge portion of herself to herself—the condensed to give. Tucked between the pages of Brenda's women's magazine is a large dose of female supremacy (RH), a chapter or two added to *Happensequence* would have said enough: two crosses for the price of one.

—ANNE COLLINS

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THE ESTABLISHMENT MAN:
A PORTRAIT OF POWER
By Peter C. Newman
McColl and Stewart,
228 pages, \$22.95

At one point in his biography of former General Black, Peter Newman quotes Col. Max McLeigh, the man whose Black organized in the mercenary struggle for control of Argus Corp. in 1978, saying: "Soldier Taylor always had a 70-guy. When anybody is in the news all the time, you know damn well he's paying for it." Although General Black does not pay for his prominence in the press, there is no question that in the past four years he has become a front-page fixture. General Black is, in Newman's words, a "generic term," a brand name for daring and toughness in Canadian business. And, while the 58-year-old head of Argus offers a vividist's vision for journalists and their tawdry craft, he clearly mistakes the role they have carved out for him. Indeed, the media aggression is small change in relation to the ego dividends he obviously receives in return.

Peter Newman's biography crowns Black as Canada's quintessential Establishment Man. As Newman notes in the preface, his ongoing investigations into Canada's ruling elite have been characterized by a constant narrowing of the aperture through which he perceives power in Canada. In his first volume, the establishment was a network of corporate clans and fiefdoms. In the second, Black, the establishment became a single family. Now, it has been reduced to one individual, and Black, forced to carry a 245-page book, groans under the burden.

Black cannot be blamed. After all, does a 36-year-old businessman really justify his full-throated treatment? Newman gives him without restraint credit: "And, why Black as opposed to Galen Weston, for instance?" In a relatively short period Weston has perhaps had even greater success than Black in reorganizing a scattered business empire. Use Weston's good of companies he inherited from his father. Or, if not Weston, what about Fred Eaton, who rehabilitated the department store chain? Sincerely, what distinguishes these young corporate assets from General Black is their unwillingness to grandfather for journalists.

Black cannot be denied his success—the patrick he engineered against the widows and the children of the old Argus crowd was brilliantly con-



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ceived and ruthlessly executed. But four years of whistling and dealing hardly constitutes a career to compare with those of such Black beacons as Charles de Gaulle and Napoleon. Nor can Newman overlive on that his subject's ideas are worthy of our intense scrutiny. "A nation walks through the mind of Conrad Black," the author cautions, will not be "an effortless journey." Although Newman probably did not intend the irony, he provides as with evidence of the hard work necessary to decipher some of Black's more complex thoughts. When Black speculates that, "The indus-

tries . . . of our society . . . is traceable to the profound schism between those who would write nostalgia, conserve sense, and the power of the individual to reassemble some of the past, and those who would complete the socialization of our society," the brain buckles in incomprehension.

The *Establishment* may shiver from insightful asportage to rather blatant advertisement. Newman notes the odd war—complicity, arrogance, opportunism—but he prefers to call it a beauty mark. After all, these are exactly the qualities that Newman per-

ceives as having propelled Black into the front ranks of the business world. However, Black's own, under often spoils Newman's flattering portrait. For instance, Black is the subject of greed: "Greed has been severely underestimated and despised—unfairly so in my opinion. I mean there is nothing wrong with greed as a motive, as long as it doesn't lead to dishonest or antisocial conduct."

During four years of playing in the big-business leagues, Conrad Black has made his share of enemies. But business, the way Black plays it, is a rough-and-tumble sport best suited far—and here comes the big surprise of the book—the *Nottingham* class. In one of the more astonishing passages in the biography, Black confesses that he is "bitterly" more Nottingham than Fitzgibbon. "The reason Newman's book excites in spite of its eulogistic ascesis is because here is such a witty, engaging spirit. How many Canadian businessmen would claim Nietzsche as their intellectual mentor?" Newman writes that, unlike the majority of his contemporaries, Conrad Black has no self-doubts. And this may be the problem. In his *Business Timeline* *See Firm* Nietzsche claims that the purpose of life is figuring out "How one becomes what one is." But Nietzsche also suggests that "to become what one is, one must not have the faintest anxiety what one is." Conrad Black, who has won most of the Pulitzer prizes at 36, may yet fall life's biggest test: Is it possible he needs a few doubts?

—ROBERT COLLIER

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Different Seasons, King (5)
- 2 Master of the Game, Jackson (1)
- 3 The President's Man, Leach (1)
- 4 The President's Daughter, Archer (2)
- 5 The Man from M. Priestner, Lee, (2)
- 6 The One Year, Durrell (4)
- 7 Maurice, Fawcett (2)
- 8 Edge Running, Flann (3)
- 9 The Valley of Bones, Ford
- 10 Touch the Devil, McGuire (3)

Nonfiction

- 1 Canada with Love, Smith (1)
- 2 Jane Fonda's Workout Book, Fonda (6)
- 3 The Great Code, Price (1)
- 4 Living, Loving and Learning, Rutledge (1)
- 5 Life Extracurricular, Preston and Shaw (6)
- 6 The Umpier Stripes Book, Lovell and Foster (7)
- 7 When Did Things Begin to Go Bad, People, Kushner (1)
- 8 Born to Be King, Hall (1)
- 9 Townsend's Guide, Ford and Clegg, Stewart
- 10 Prisoners, Leary (3)

11 Fiction best seller

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Townshend; Daltrey (below) coming to a stop before the band became too loud

MUSIC

All bang and no whimper

When The Who played to almost 70,000 fans at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium last weekend, the show was little different from those given by the venerable British band since 1976—even to the crowd's reaction. There was guitarist Peter Townshend displaying more energy than at any tour since the 1960s, conducting a windmill attack on his electric guitar. There was drummer Kenny Jones and bassist John Entwistle providing solid backup. And there was Roger Daltrey belting out what has become the credo of the group, their 1965 hit *My Generation*. Things they do look awful cool! Roger I do before I get old. But appearances were deceptive. After almost 18 years on the road, much of Townshend's was taking his own advice and coming to a stop before it became too loud.

Some would say that it was none too soon. The Toronto stadium was packed, the crowd steadily got out of hand and security guards used hoses to spray down the fevered bodies congregated in front of the stage. About 48 people were treated for an unpleasant combination of physical and mental injuries. Police arrested 39 on alcohol and/or drug charges.

While they may still sound together, the band members harassed their current North American tour as their last. For a group that was much better known for its live performances than for its spotty recordings over the past decade, the decision was momentous. The reluctant pass, at one point, turned

Townshend into an alcoholic and a heroin addict and contributed to the alcohol-and-drug-related death of original drummer Keith Moon, age 32, in 1978. It was time to stop, and Daltrey, before someone else got hurt and "before we found like we're too tired to go on." Most of the fans at the stadium, and audiences in 15 other North American cities included in the tour, would say

The Who sounded anything but tired. His high-energy rock 'n' roll scorched the crowds that if the band were going to exit, it would do it in style. All bang and no whimper. Townshend, at least, may be treated to one more concert. If, it seems likely, the band returns for a final performance at the end of the tour.

When The Who was formed, in 1964, its "maximum rhythm and blues" was adopted by the Mod movement. The group members could be dyspeptic, commanding all adults to "Go! Go! Go! Go!" and they could be violent, regularly destroying their instruments onstage. The Who also displayed

a searctic sense of humor. A 1967 single, *Picture of Lily*, satirized North American radio charts without programmers realizing that it was a cry lament about masturbation.

In 1968 Townshend's negotiating talent blossomed when he constructed the first large-scale rock opus, *Tommy*. By this time Townshend had become a follower of the teachings of Indian mystic Maharishi Mahesh. Townshend's house, however, never degenerated to its single practice: "I see Maharishi," he said, "through two pills—rock and roll."

After Townshend's conversion, it was up to Moon, an outrageous drinker and prankster, to live the frantic lifestyle that typified the band in a hotel room, a couple of years before his death. Moon was asked by the manager to turn down the volume as it was tape that he was playing "This is a noise," and the manager, who proceeded downstairs. Thirty seconds later an explosion from a cherry bomb blew the door off Moon's suite. The manager ran upstairs to find Moon in the doorway, grinning. "That was a noise," said Moon. "What you heard before was The Who."

Moon died young, as did the chauffeur who he ran over in an attempt to flee overzealous fans. On top of that, a fan was killed to death at a 1978 concert, and 11 more fans at a Cincinnati, Ohio, concert in 1979 were crushed to death in the rush to the general admission area.

The breakups became harder to maintain in the late 1970s as the band members grew older and were confronted by the cruel mercy of the punk rock movement. Members of the new generation, who were singing last

weekend in Toronto, may be even more angry and confused than the Mods were 12 years ago. Townshend's band, probably correctly, that he does not speak with the same authority. At Exhibition Stadium, the band were to the climax of *Quadra*, a 1971 Townshend composition that cautions against the excesses of a " teenage wasteland."

Daltrey, "They're all wasted!" and 70,000 still went up in the air in riotous agreement. The audience took it as approval. "Go! Go! Go! Go!" she, giving Townshend good reason to suspect that they were not listening.

—PAUL MCGRAW



Eight steps to salvage the nation

By Dian Cohen

MY arrest of miscounting on economic matters began the same year Pierre Elliott Trudeau became prime minister. Almost three years later I have been accused—mainly by Liberals—of being instrumental in the criticism of Liberal economic policy. The outcries stemmed from my perception that no one seemed to understand the totally destructive effects on the Canadian economy of hyperinflation. Liberal economic policies. Perhaps a century review of some of the stunning achievements of the national government. Liberal party will be enlightening.

1969-70. Despite repeated warnings about howling an attack on rampant 48-per-cent inflation, the Liberal party waged war number 1, culminating in a glorious victory that resulted solely from the appreciation in the value of the Canadian dollar as Canadian governments and business borrowed abroad. The major side effects of high and rising unemployment for the whole decade of the 1970s and increasing parasitism of the entire Canadian manufacturing sector. By 1981 the deficit in manufactured goods trade amounted to some \$70 billion.

1975-78. Despite the glorious victory over inflation, war number 2 began with wage and price controls, brought in when wage settlements in the private sector were on their way down, although those in the public sector were on their way up, with more than 300,000 people out of work and 20 per cent of our industrial capacity that down. The prime minister's opinion was that too much money and too many Canadians were chasing too few goods. The rate of inflation when deficits went on in 1975 was 14 per cent, in 1978, when they came off, it was nine per cent. The deficit was \$10.5 billion. As Liberal policies forced the Canadian dollar to drop from its artificially overvalued height of 81¢ (U.S.) prices increased again. Within two years of war number 2, inflation was well above 10 per cent, accompanied by what was now considered, at least in liberal circles, to be a "normal" full employment level of seven per cent—liberal unemployment.

Bookkeeping incompetence that has resulted in a \$4-billion deficit in 1975 ballooning to a stated \$15 billion in 1982. (In November, 1981, the department of Finance estimated the deficit at \$15.5 billion, excluding the \$5 billion that will be spent on unemployment insurance.)

•The decline in the level of investment in the Oct. 26, 1980, National Energy Program and its effects on the oil and gas industry, and the Nov. 12, 1981, inflation, which has left investors in a state of limbo.

Lately, I have been stunned to discover that my own rage and feelings of impotence are not shared as fervently by what other people are saying. To Calgary the other work, a businessman insisted that, if approached to fund an action group aimed at militant opposition to the present government, he would be happy to do so.

In Montreal the highly respected C.D. Howe Institute stated in its July 1980 survey that "Canada's primary prob-

The economy has been mismanaged. It is time for draconian measures. To start, we should declare an emergency

lem has been mismanagement of its economic affairs since the early 1970s by its federal leadership. In a non-partisan organization, such post-performance would lead to a replacement of its leadership... In Canada, however, governments do not come in such circumstances and the public probably will not be given the opportunity to re-evaluate a mandate it gave 2½ years ago, in an environment that was perceived to be quite different than it is today, to a party whose policies simply have not worked."

If so many Canadians are feeling this way, perhaps it is time for more drastic action. The parliamentary process, through which Canadians are supposed to be informed as to the state of the nation and the goals for the future, has been rendered ineffective and totally irrelevant by the federal government.

The powers of "la table rase, a fresh change there" are insufficient to see Canada through to the 21st century. If, indeed, we want to survive as a nation, we must rally together against this with a single mentality. The alternative, down the road, is to become the

Nation of the North, or part of the United States. Neither is inevitable—if we act now.

There are several steps to take toward economic salvation. All we need to know is where we want to go. The following suggestions trace a path to a fairly efficient, competitive, humanitarian free enterprise system. (Defining there, from the state we are in today, is going to take the balance of the decade. To start the voyage we should:

• Declare a national emergency.
• Phase out universal coverage for old age severally, family allowances, government pensions, beginning with the low income brackets. We simply cannot afford it.

• Get the government out of business, especially the pension business. Let Ottawa fund it but not administer it. Federal administration has yielded a net return of about one per cent, while professional managers could make at least three per cent. As it is, pensions will have to rise from the present 3.6 per cent to seven or eight per cent within months. On the present basis money will run out before 1995.

• Reduce the size of the public sector. The private sector, which has a bottom line, is saving at reducing its excessive waste by 25 to 30 per cent. We should not be less than the public sector.

• Phase out corporation taxes over several years. They now provide \$6 billion to \$8 billion a year. Over eight years the tax rebuff will cost \$1 billion a year. It will minimize capital investment, without which we go nowhere.

• Sell government assets to raise cash. Air Canada, Petro-Canada and the new Crown corporation for Dore are starters. Together, even in a bad market, they should bring \$10 billion.

• The unemployment insurance to a work-training program. Nothing is more wasted than the \$8 billion being spent to keep people barely fed and very depressed.

• Start dealing with the real problems that have plagued the country for years—what kind of industries should be encouraged, what kind of schooling, what kind of travel, what kind of markets?

Sound decisions? It is. But what we have now is a dictatorship run solely for the benefit of the ruling party. We do not, even now, have a democratic government. There is no question that these are radical suggestions. But, at least, Canadians in general might prosper, and Canada might survive.



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Compare outside.

No willy-bies or wheelies here. Black-back, white or wagon. Firenza says fun. The spunky lines tell you that. But they also tell you Firenza is aerodynamically efficient. Door seals are body-matched, to help keep outside noise outside. Wheel housings are insulated to help keep road noise outside. And both windshield and



star window are flash-coated to reduce the wind-noise. Sound engineers call "sound traps". And driven call emergency.

Compare up front.

Up front is where Firenza's readability gets its start back in 1966. That's when Oldsmobile became the first contemporary North American car company to introduce front-wheel drive. (You'll be surprised how many times you'll don't have it.)

MacPherson strut front

suspension helps secure your ride will be on the up and up—instead of the up and down. And steering, in true sports car fashion, is rock-solid-plain.

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